

CHRISTMAS LIFE



LIFE

Painted for LIFE by Maxfield Parrish

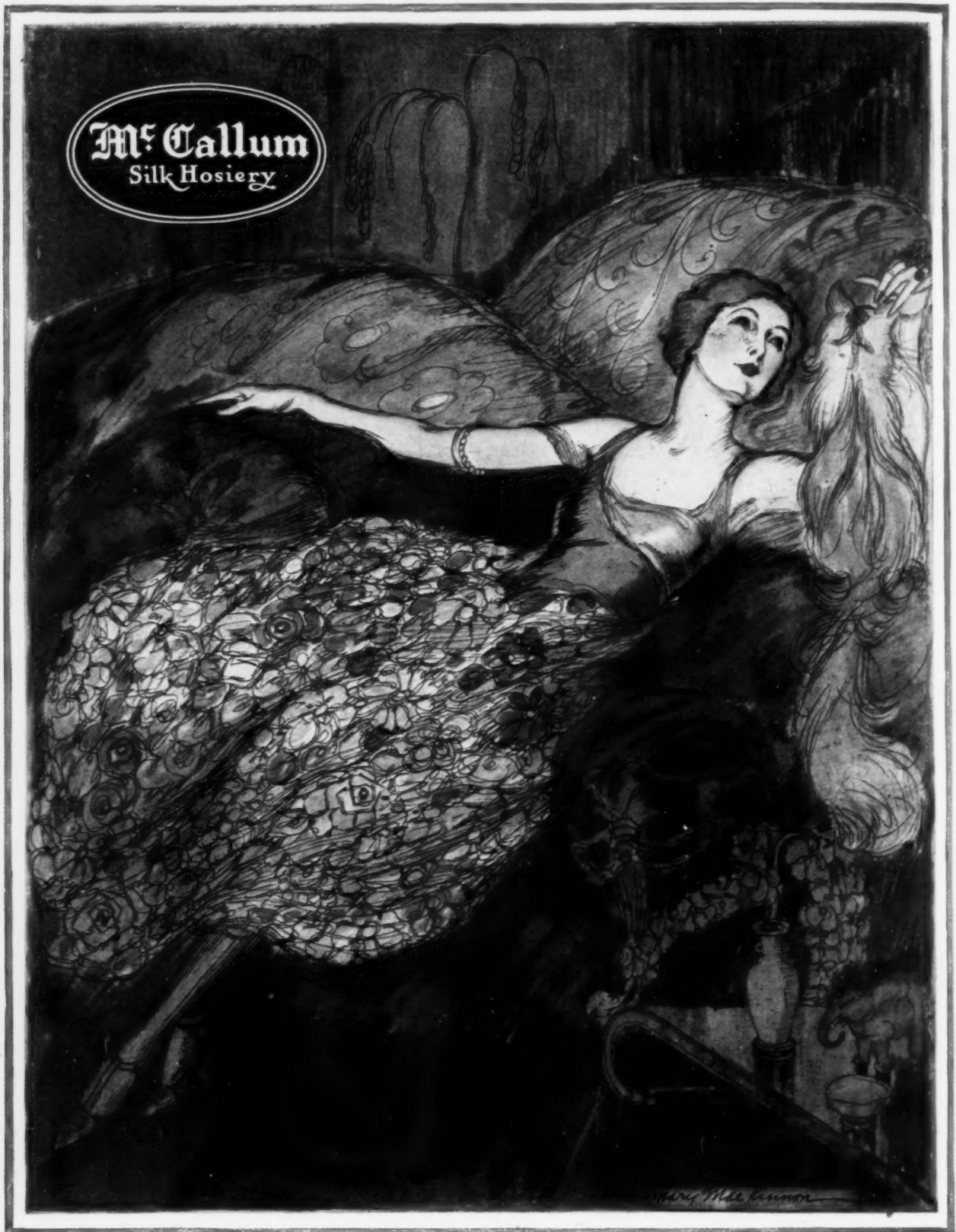
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Christmas Life



Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert

"Who's who."


Christmas, 1921

HE disposition of the world in general seems to be that at the Christmas celebration this year the part of Santa Claus shall fall to Uncle Sam. The feeling is that, far more than anyone else, he has the qualities and the facilities to play that part. It is quite extraordinary what the world expects of him. In a way it is flattering, and one would not have him disappoint those expectations even when they are very large.

And yet to meet them is a pretty heavy undertaking. Besides important relief work, which is now proceeding and, being in good hands, will undoubtedly be carried through, the world seems to look to our Uncle to be the main provider of the reorganization of international life. It feels that he has come to be an indispensable factor in furnishing and setting up the machinery of the new era. One after another the representatives of Europe report that their complications and troubles and obligations are too great for them to carry without the aid of the Santa Claus who has nearly all the gold in the world, a lot of indispensable raw material, a great industrial plant undamaged by the war, a powerful navy, and an army that could be reassembled to meet a sudden call. This is a bad Christmas for us, says Europe. Come across, Uncle, and be Santa Claus to the world.

That seems to be the situation, and the interesting part of it is that what the world wants of us is not so much material things as spiritual. It does not want a lot of out-of-door relief, except for certain starving peoples. It wants power, leadership, brains and faith in humanity. It wants a declaration of confidence in a new way of conducting human relations, and practical co-operation in making a fair trial of that method. It wants from the United States the great assurance that there is a way out of the troubles of mankind and that it will do its share to find it and to travel it when found.


* * *

F course, that is a large order, but it is very appealing and indeed affecting, because it shows such a sense of something in the American mind and the American heart and American energy, which does not exist in sufficient quantity in Europe to sustain European leadership in the world. They say to us—You are a new country with new ideas, not tied up to age-long antagonisms, not poisoned with inherited hatreds, not entangled in the habits of generations dead. Come, now, show us something! Give us a good steer and we will see what we can do about it!

There must be a real basis for this turning of

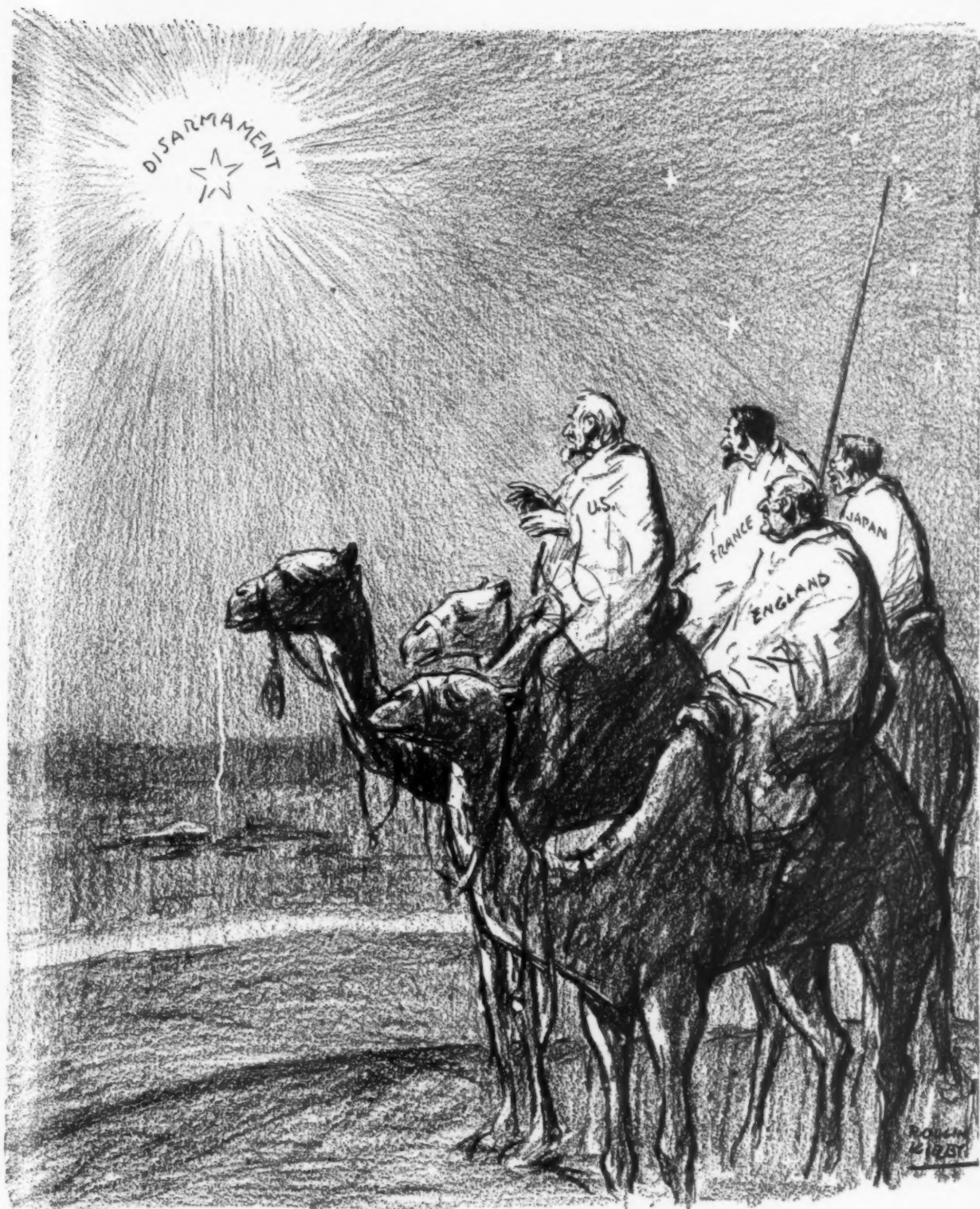
faces towards the United States, and at least one reason for it is that the inhabitants of our commodious country are compounded of more sympathies than any other lot of people living under one government. The United States is not the melting pot that observers have liked to say it is. It holds millions of people from Europe, from Asia, from Africa. They do become mixed in blood to some extent, but that they are physically melted together is not true at all. These different groups of people live together largely in racial separation. All kinds of Europeans, to be sure, intermarry more or less, but still, Irish are Irish here, Germans are Germans, Italians are Italians, and so on. There is not yet a composite American race. There is hardly an approach to it. These different people live together here in peace and for the most part in amity. In so far as there are disturbances between them, they are reflected from Europe, and even then the different families here do not fight with one another, though they often try to influence the policies of government.

* * *

O it has happened that the United States is the great example to all the world of brethren of different families living together in unity, and getting a fair deal without having to fight for it. That political condition is what the world wants and profoundly needs. If we can help it to it, it behooves us to use every power we have to bring that help. The conference at Washington is the greatest opportunity we have ever had to demonstrate that the country which is the latest product of the hopes and experiences of the whole world, is worth the immense expenditure of every kind of energy that has gone to the making of it, and is not an ungrateful child, and will do what it can and dare what need be to bring help to its damaged parent.

Arouse yourself, Uncle Sam! Arouse yourself! Gather your wits, gather your sympathies, gather all your powers and buck up and see what you can do to get a world that is off the track back on the rails and proceeding again in the direction of hope. You are the great power for help in all the world. Be its Santa Claus this Christmas. Give it all you can; lend it all you dare, but above all things, give it courage. Make it feel that it has an anchor to the windward that will hold. Make it feel that you are determined that it shall not go on the rocks. Make it feel that you know the way it ought to steer and the port it ought to make. For you do know it. You have made that port yourself, and you know where it lies.

E. S. Martin.



Drawn by Rollin Kirby

The Wise Men
Will they follow the star?

Sidestepping Santa

George S. Chappell

FOR many people Christmas does not approach; it looms. Life may be likened to an obstacle race wherein the first of every month spans the fairway at regular intervals with its economic barrier. Christmas lies in a mean position in the hinder end of the month. It is the sting in the tail of the year, the last, gaping water-jump which we must get by somehow ere we win into the peaceful era of New Year's resolutions.

The onerous part of our lovely feast-day comes entirely from our having lost sight of much of its inner significance, preferring evidently to devote the day to the glorification of the Gimme spirit. Our little ones, aided and abetted by their parents, feverishly count the days until the tree shall blossom forth with its marvelous fruit. Christmas exists for them only in the future-present tense. Father, in the meantime, is nervously counting not days but dollars, wondering if he will ever be able to muddle through. A parent of my acquaintance once sang second bass in my ear when, as waits and mummings, we prowled about our village and chanted Christmas carols to our neighbors. "Noël, Noël!" I sang lustily, when, to my horror, I caught

this infamous chorister in the act of singing "O-hell, O-hell." Of course we expelled him from the Choir.

This sad, reactionary spirit can be easily avoided. Let me suggest a few methods, all of which I have tried.

Last year, for Christmas, I gave my wife a ton of coal. It doesn't sound like much, I admit, but we had to have coal and I decided then and there to etherealize it. It is not the gift, but the spirit, as everybody once said. You have no idea how imposing a ton of coal can be when divided up into five-pound boxes tied with red ribbon and fastened with last year's Christmas seals. And when the boxes are all opened, the effect of the black coal in contrast with the white of the paper and the children's dresses is really quite lovely.

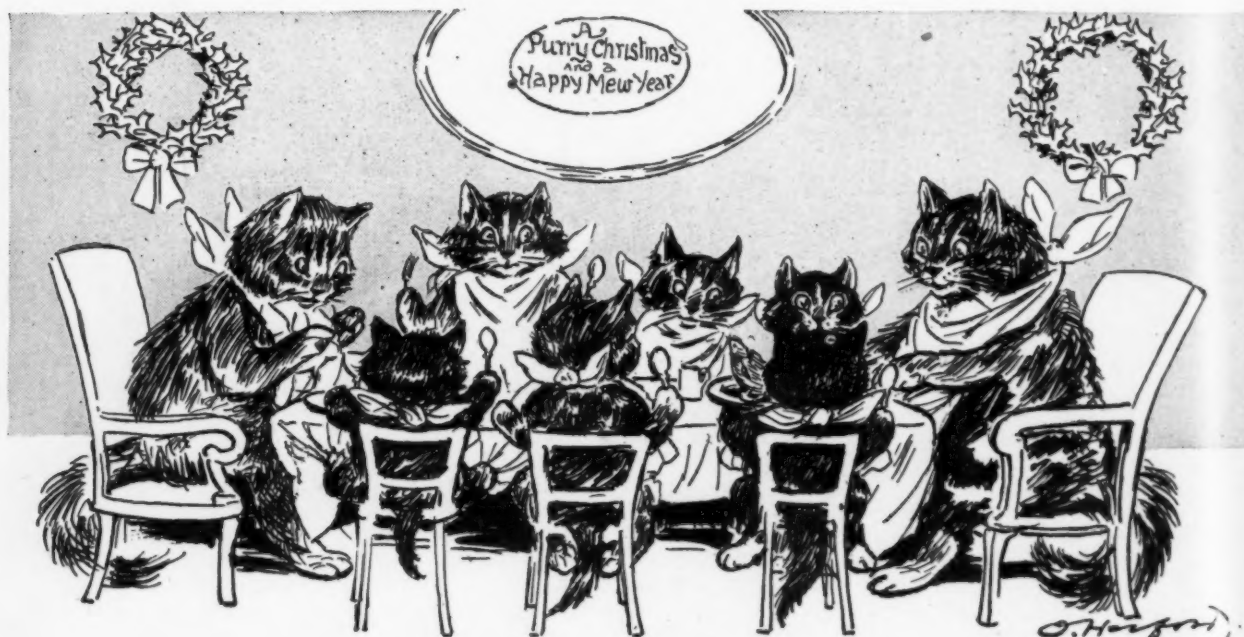
So with other household supplies which we take far too much as a matter of course. A tree decorated with vegetables is very beautiful. Turnips scooped out in the form of cornucopias and filled with cranberries or beans, snowballs made of potatoes,—there is no end to the things one can do! Even parsnips are pretty.

One married couple among my friends always exchange checks for \$500 on Christmas morning. This is a

splendid idea. Each check, when deposited, makes the other check good; no one is hurt and it gives the bank a little additional business. But the real beauty of the plan is the pride with which each can display the magnificent remembrance to his or her friends, who have to sit back, silent, with a paltry hundred.

For the little ones, a practical plan is to inculcate rigidly the habit of saving throughout the year for some indefinite but very real "poor children," who are, of course, themselves. A few days before Christmas the mite-boxes can be pried open and the contents quietly but thoroughly spent to the best advantage. The children have their reward on Christmas morning, and no questions are ever asked.

When all else fails, when there seems to be no possible way of raising the Yuletide wind, there always remains the method of poisoning a fairly close but undesirable relative. No home should be without one. The family is thus plunged into immediate mourning and it is possible to look beautifully martyred as one says, "Of course we had no Christmas at our house this year. Poor Aunt Emma . . . you know. . ."



Their Christmouse Dinner



Drawn by C. J. McCarthy

"Mabel introduced her fiancé to me yesterday. He's short and stout, with a bald head and a pug nose, and he has four motor cars and a steam yacht."
"Oh! What a charming man he must be."

The New Sport

James Healy

GRADUALLY my curiosity overcame my natural timidity and I determined to ask the question which had been burning within me for many, many years.

"How do you do it?" I asked him. I was standing on the front platform of a Broadway surface car watching the Motorman as he guided the car on its way downtown.

"Do what?" demanded the Motorman.

"How do you know the exact moment to jump your car into motion or to jerk it to a standstill in order to catch the passengers off their balance and spill them onto the floor of the car or into someone's lap? I have been watching you all the way from Forty-second Street, and you haven't missed a single opportunity."

The Motorman blushed at this tribute to his skill.

"They teach us the principles of the thing in the company's schools," he said, "but, like everything else, a man must have talent to develop to the point where it becomes an art. Now I don't want to brag about myself, but I can calculate to the fraction of an inch the distance I can let a woman get towards a seat and still be able to start the car in time to jerk her off her feet and drop her on her back into the rear vestibule."

"You may not think it, but the old folks are harder to get than the young ones. They watch you closer and you have to pretend to start before they will let go their strap and attempt to sit down. Of course, I learned long ago how to handle them. I simply start slow and when they take their hands off the strap, bing! I throw the car into full speed and drop grandpa on the floor as neatly as you please."

We had reached Thirty-fourth Street and, pretending to see a fare waiting to board the car, he jammed on the brakes and piled the standees in the car in a heap near the front platform. Then as they had nearly disentangled themselves and were regaining their feet, he started the car

quickly and dropped them all to the floor again, this time near the rear platform.

"That's an old one," he said as we gathered speed. "It's one of the tricks I learned at the company's school. I've originated some myself. There's a stunt where the motorman gets his car almost directly behind a truck which he pretends is holding him up. Then he jerks the standees off their feet and travels the next two blocks in short runs of

ten or twelve feet, starting and stopping suddenly. The game is to see how far you can go before the passengers get back on their feet. I originated that." We had stopped at Twenty-third Street.

"The other day a one-legged man outguessed me, but I don't lose many of them." He started quickly as a stout woman was settling into a seat and she landed in a man's lap, half-way up the car.

"Now watch this old woman getting on," he said as we stopped at Eighteenth Street. "I'll bet you a good cigar that I can let her get both feet on the lower step and then drop her back into the gutter."

He won his bet.

Connubial Plea

"TIRED of waiting, dearie?" she asked, emerging from her dressing-room after exhausting her feminine arts in the attempt to appear beautiful.

"Oh, no," he replied, wearily, "it's all in a wife-time."

At the Authors' Club

BROWN: Smith's new novel, "The Horrors of Wedlock," has made

him a fortune, hasn't it? It's the season's success.

JONES: Yes, he claims he's made enough out of it to get married on.

PHYSICIAN: You must avoid all that tends to excite. Use no alcoholic liquors and drink nothing but water.

PATIENT: But, doctor, the thought of drinking nothing but water excites me.



"'Twas the night before Christmas!"

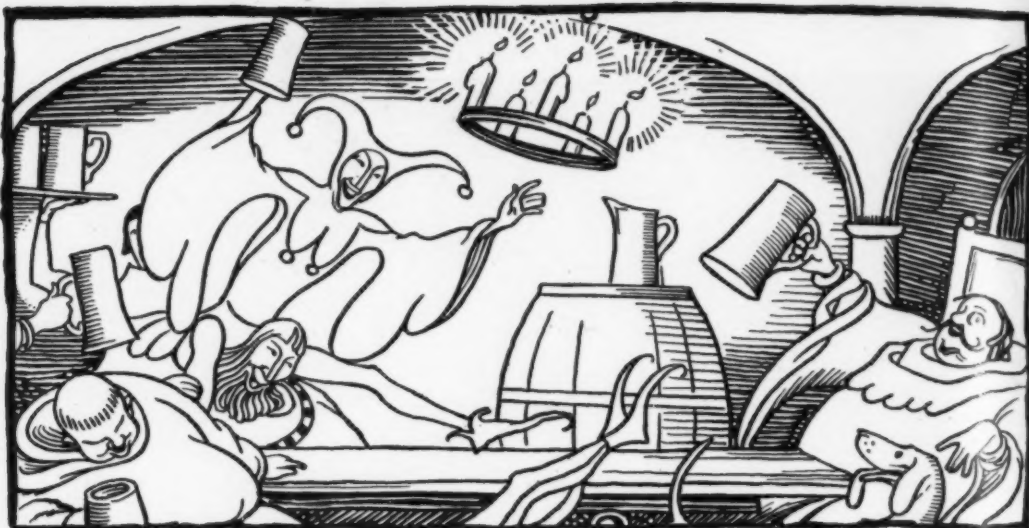


Drawn by Charles Broughton

He refused to be entangled in the concerns of Fairyland.



Wassail
A. D.
1321



Bringing
in the
Yule
Log
1521

Priming
the
Plum
Pudding
1621



Drawn by Rea Irvin



The Merry



The
Squire's
Health
1721

Welcoming
the
Christmas
Guests
..

1821



Testing
the
Christmas
Punch

1921



Christmas Spirit



Sanctum Talk

"**L**EAD me to a sofa! I'm all in."
"Why, hello! Can this be—my old friend Santa Claus?"

"Yes, LIFE, and believe me—"

"Here! Take this pillow. What can I do for you?"

"Well, well! That's the first time anybody ever said a thing like that to me. I'm exhausted trying to be good to a lot of ungrateful people who don't understand me."

"My dear Santa Claus, you are not alone in work like that. But what I don't understand is—"

"Now wait a minute; you're going to say the same old thing—I can feel you are. You are going to tell me that I make a practice of going down the chimneys of the rich and that I avoid the chimneys of the poor—assuming that the poor still have chimneys."

"I'm not! I deny it. I'm going to let you do the talking; what's the matter with you, anyway?—why are you so tired?"

"Everything; I'm getting used to not being believed in—I can bear that fairly well, considering the good company I'm in. But people are so fussy—half the children I visit stick up their noses at me. And then I am so short of skilled labor that this year I have had to make most of my toys myself; somehow or other I couldn't quite bring myself to letting the Germans give me a lift."

"You must have lost fifty pounds. My stars, you look thin!"

"Well, you'd be thin! My chauffeur left and I've had to feed and groom the reindeer myself; I've had to do all my own painting and varnishing; and that isn't the half of it."

"And you have allowed all these ma-

terial discomforts to discourage you? Santa Claus, I am ashamed of you. I thought you'd be above such things."

"But—"

"You know perfectly well what I mean; if you don't, you should. You know that all the young folks to whom you actually give toys are the ones who get the least out of you; they see nothing but the toys, and deem you more or less of a snob."

"But—"

"My dear friend, your reality lies with those who do not benefit materially from your hitherto rotund personality. Their dream of what you are, that stirs their fancy and reanimates their sentiment and love—all this is what makes you real. And here you are, losing weight over—"

"Do you mean to tell me that you *understand* me?"

"Why, certainly; we boys and girls who are looking for something besides paint and varnish, to whom the old rag doll and the battered three-legged horse are sacred symbols of all those invisible things that make life worth living—we know what you are. We know that to the pampered few you are only throwing a bluff."

"Donder and Blitzen! I feel better already."

"Well, then, go back to your shop and have a little more faith and get some flesh on your bones, and don't have any more sinking spells; we couldn't get along without you, and so—"

"I'll do it, LIFE; I'll do it!"

"Here's merry Christmas. And may your circulation never be any worse than it is now!"

"Same to you, LIFE. . . . Gitap! Gitap!"

T. L. M.

Christmas Gifts

(He Ponders)

MY sweet (the Fates befriend her!—
Thus every night I pray),
What present shall I send her
For merry Christmas day?
My brain has slipped its sprocket,
My thoughts are all a-spin,
Oh, shall it be a locket,
A bracelet or a pin?

The more I muse the more I
Am addled like an egg;
Dan Cupid I implore, I
Beseech, entreat and beg;
And, lo, the while I linger
I seem to hear—"Be bold!
Select for her third finger
A little band of gold!"

(She Meditates)

Shall I this year remember
The dear lad of my heart,
And fan what seems an ember
Of love, with tender art?
Some kerchiefs?—I've been trying
His monogram to do!
A scarf?—there's no denying
I like him best in blue!

Cigars! I know the brand he
Is partial to, I think;
Some cuff-links might prove handy!—
Is there a hint in "link"?
A much be-ribboned basket;
A purse to keep his pelf;—
Ah, me! if he'd but ask it
I'd gladly give—myself!

Clinton Scollard.

The Wisdom of Solomon

ONCE there were two young doctors, each just established in practice.

"I," said one, "will treat the poor for nothing, but the rich must pay."

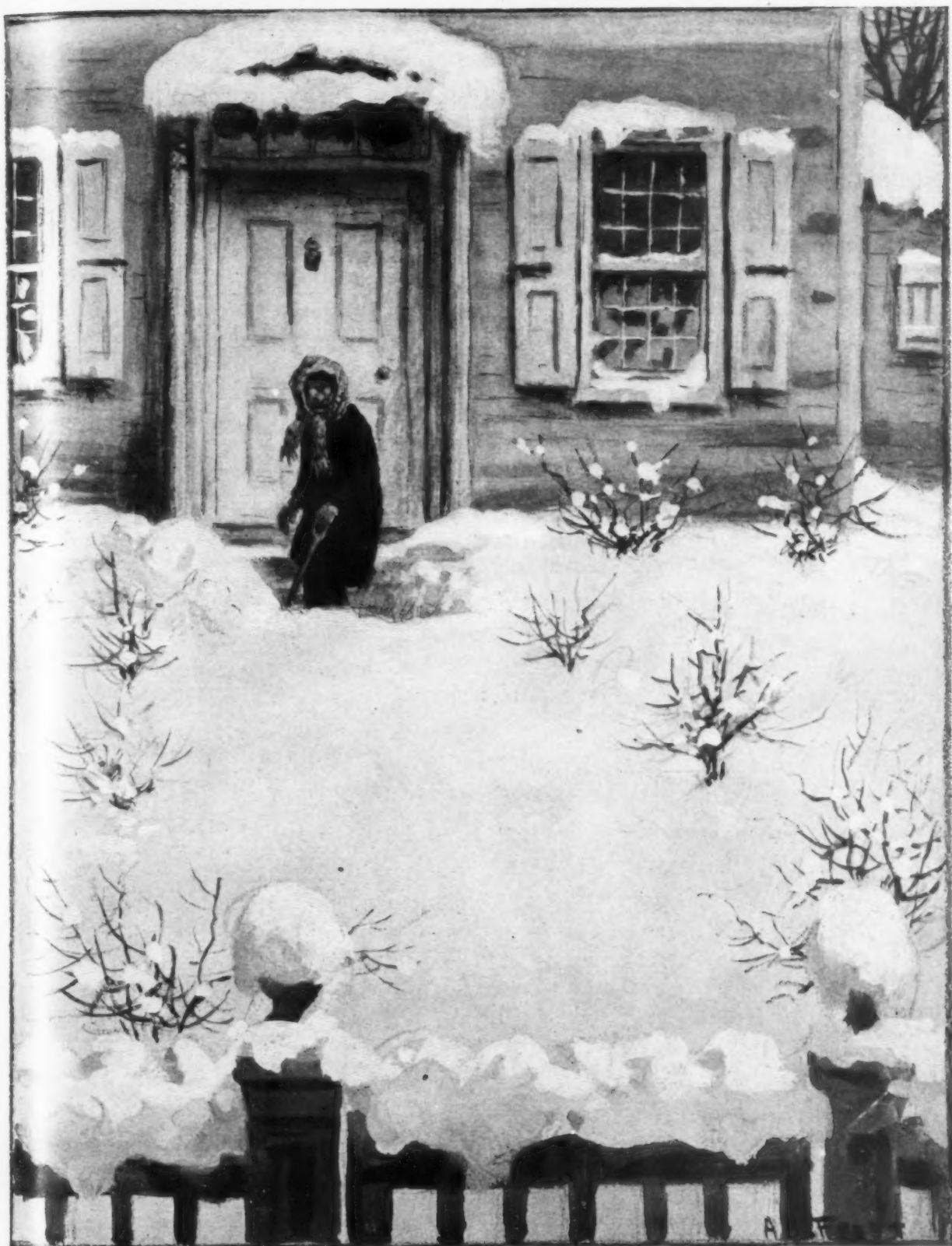
"And I," quoth the other, "will treat the rich for nothing, and get my money from the poor."

The first doctor led a precarious existence for a time and then starved to death. As he treated the poor for nothing, he derived no income from that source, while the rich, having oodles of money, put his bills in the pigeon-holes of their desks and forgot all about them.

The other doctor prospered exceedingly. Realizing that it was like pulling teeth to get money from the rich, he charged them nothing. He knew, on the other hand, that the poor expected to pay, and would and did pay promptly. He now has four motor cars.

A dollar in the hand is worth ten the year after the estate is settled.

A. H. F.



Drawn by A. B. Frost

Christmas Morning

The Man Who Could Do Almost Everything

Robert E. Sherwood

I WAS about to interview the most successful man in the world, and I was fully conscious of the honor that was mine in being privileged to meet this extraordinary personage face to face.

When I saw him sitting in his library, surrounded by rare old quartos, pintos and the like, I was a little surprised at his appearance. To be sure, he possessed the firm jaw and the squared shoulders of the man who does big things—but there was an ever so delicate expression in his steely gray eyes that did not suggest the realization of glorious achievements gloriously achieved. Somehow or other, the man looked baffled.

"What do you want?" he asked in crisp tones.

"I should like to know"—it required all my courage to speak as I did—"I should like to know why you—the most successful of men—should have a look of wistful disappointment in your eyes."

His determined expression melted into one of unspeakable suffering.

"Ah," he sighed, "so you've noticed it."

"Yes," I confessed, "and I assume it to be the same as Alexander's when the knowledge came that he had no more worlds to conquer."

"Would that it were," said the great man, "would that it were. But it isn't." I was discreetly silent, for I did not wish to probe too deep into what was quite obviously a grievous wound.

"When I was but a boy," he went on, "I determined to do everything—and do everything well. The world knows how I have realized my ambition. I

have been graduated with highest honors from eleven universities, three law schools, four business schools, two medical colleges and one ecclesiastical seminary. I have written a number of best sellers, and one of my landscapes was awarded a gold medal at the National Academy last year. I have been acclaimed as a soloist (vocal and instrumental) at symphony concerts in every great capital of the world, and I led the National League in batting the year I played for the New York Giants. During my occasional incursions into the world of the theatre, I have been equally successful as director, actor, scene designer and dramatist, and I have at various times scaled every difficult peak in the Alps, the Andes and the Canadian Rockies. I am one of the twelve who understand Einstein's Theory of Relativity, and I have twice



Santa Breaks Into the Movies

He finds himself facing a battery of cameras as he is about to fill the Christmas stocking of the latest juvenile star.



Visitor: What did you find in your stocking, Willie?
 "A pair o' skates, a sled, a airgun, a catcher's mitt, some candy, two books an' a wheelbarrow—
 but to tell ye the truth, it wasn't my stockin' I hung up."

swum the English Channel. While the late war was in progress I commanded a division of infantry throughout the Somme offensive, and later became a prominent ace in the air service. I am also a great favorite with the ladies.

"I can construct anything from a watch to a harvester and reaper, I can speak fluently in every language, dead or alive, and I am particularly apt at whistling through my teeth. I can run a hundred yards in nine and four-fifths seconds. I can also wiggle my ears, and do some thousands of card tricks. I can decipher a time table with no difficulty whatsoever. I know what Leonardo's Mona Lisa is smiling about—"

"Wait," I cried in desperation. "You can do all these things perfectly—the mastery of any one of which would be considered a creditable accomplishment for an average man—and yet you are not satisfied. Why?"

"I can do all those things—yes," he replied. "But, imposing as they may seem, they pale into insignificance compared with the one thing that I can not do."

I arched an interrogative eyebrow. "I have taken a bath nearly every day of my life"—there was an obvious tremor in his voice as he spoke—"but I have never once been able to regulate the spigots in the tub so that the water

will turn out to be the right temperature. It is always either too hot or too cold. Furthermore, I know perfectly well that no matter how hard I try, I shall never succeed in getting it exactly right."

And with that he broke into a series of violent, convulsive sobs.

I walked away, for the spectacle depressed me. There is nothing, I have always felt, quite so contemptible as a fallen idol.

A Modern Child Says:

"I HAD a hard time keeping my face straight to-day when I was out in the car with Father and he told me he had decided it was time for me to learn to drive. He picked out a nice, quiet road and showed me how to start the engine, shift the gears, set the brakes and everything. You can't imagine how much he enjoyed showing me. It made me ashamed, really, and almost sorry that I had learned to drive three years ago in Skinny Brown's car. But you should have seen how pleased and proud Dad was when he stalled the engine on the railroad tracks while explaining to me how to avoid it and I spoke up and told him how to get off. He's telling the neighbors now how quick I pick things up."

McCready Huston.

Compensation

LAST year I saved up ninety cents, But Christmas was a great expense; I spent the whole of it before I found there wasn't any more.

*And that was terrible, because
I had forgotten Santa Claus!*

That's why, this year, I simply can't
Give presents to a single aunt
Or to a parent or a friend.
I had a hundred cents to spend—

*And haven't any left, because
I spent it all on Santa Claus.*

I bought him first a horse and bridle
For summer days when he is idle;
A drum, to cheer him on his rides,
And lots of pleasant things besides.

*I think the rest won't mind, because
I've made it up to Santa Claus!*

Virginia Woods Mackall.

FANNING: Did you have any luck with the home brew formula I gave you?

DASHER: The stuff it made wasn't fit to drink, but I sold the recipe to a magazine as vers libre.

It's better to be cursed with money than—without it.



Better America - 1914

Geo. Bellman

Christmas Eve

"Excuse it please!"

"HELLO. hello, hello, Central. Central, hello, he—well, at last. I must say you are prompt in—why, certainly I want a number if you'll only be patient and give me time. What? Yes, I want East River 5555. Yes, 5555. No, I said four fives. Of course. Please hurry; this booth is simply awful. Waiting? Why of—drop in the nickel? What nickel? Oh, of course: but I want my number first. What? Well, my goodness, you might give me time. Now could I get my number? You say it is South 9889? Impossible. How could the East River possibly be South? No, of course I don't want to talk to the river. No, but if they were they'd drown before you ever got them. I need what? Information? No, I don't need information; I know who I want. Well, all right then, give me information. Hello, hello, Information? Well, I couldn't tell your voice. Yes.

No, I want East River 5555. You don't take numbers? Well, I must say. Well, give me a taker then, please. Hello, are you the same one I talked to a moment ago? You don't know? Well, could you give me East River 5555, please? Waiting? Yes, I'm waiting. Whew, I'm simply smothering. The Supervisor? No, I don't want him. Well, if I must, I must—so bring him on. Hello; are you the Supervisor? Yes, I certainly do. What? Yes, I still want East River 5555. The line busy? All right, give me another taker, then. Yes, I want East River 5555. What? My Heavens, discontinued? Well, give me my nickel back. You certainly will. I'll take the nickel, the number or the mouthpiece. Shake it? Well, I'm shaking. No, it didn't come out. Mistaken? I guess not. I didn't even drop it in. Good-by."

Horace Berry.

There Was a Girl Who Said:

"I SHALL never marry a man who uses tobacco in any form."
Her husband is wedded to a pipe.
"All I care about is intellect."
She married a prize fighter.
"Give me a successful business man."
She married a poet.
"If a man is just and honest it is all I ask."
She married a lawyer.
"After all, money isn't the only thing."
She married a millionaire.
"These bookish men are such awful bores!"
She married a librarian.
"When I sign a marriage contract it will be divorce-proof."
She married a popular screen hero.
"I can't stand these big, brainy men who know everything."
She married me.

Under the Mistletoe



Old Jubal Worth and Nephew Will
A Christmas greeting carried
To Squire Brown, his daughter Jill
And Sister Prue (unmarried).



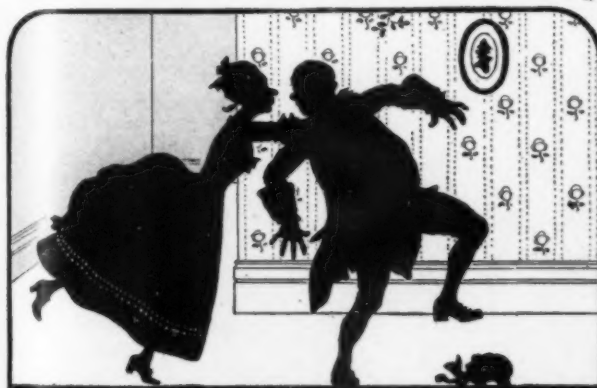
As Jill beneath the mistletoe
Seemed lost in meditation,
Old Jubal hasted thither—so
Did Will, his young relation.



The cat, a furry Nemois,
Made Jubal's feet to stumble;
So Nephew William took the hint,
While Niece took a tumble.



When Jubal rose as best he could
And rubbed the spot that grieved him,
Beneath the mistletoe he stood
Where Sister Prue perceived him.



His manly form her arms embraced;
Against his bosom leaning,
Upon his lips she coyly placed
A kiss of tender meaning.



The damsel, now, to Jubal's view,
Was not unimpressive—
The Squire came upon the two
And gave the two his blessing.
Arthur Guiterman

A Christmas Fable

Dorothy Parker

LITTLE ELSIE was so excited that she could hardly keep from jumping up and down. It just didn't seem as if she could wait for Christmas to come. She had been looking forward for oh, so long to Santa Claus's visit, for she knew that the kindly old saint was sure to bring all sorts of nice presents to little girls who had been good all through the whole long year.

And little Elsie had been just as good as ever a little girl could be. She never put anything on her face except pure soap and warm water, she was careful to wrap up her throat and ankles well before going out in the cold, she never teased to stay up after bedtime, and she always said, "Why, I don't know what you mean," to the little boys. No wonder that she was so excited and happy as Christmas drew nearer every day!

But poor little Lilyan had been a very naughty girl indeed. She painted her pretty dark hair yellow, she often neglected to write to her good, kind Daddy and Mummy to tell them how she was getting on with her singing lessons, she used words that she had picked up from the little boys, and sometimes she even said things that were not quite true. And you know that the only presents Santa Claus leaves in the stockings of bad little girls are lumps of nasty black coal. Elsie had to work hard to keep the tears from her bright eyes when she thought how sadly disappointed Lilyan would be on Christmas morning.

At last Christmas Eve came. It was very cold. The moon shone on the snow and made it sparkle just like diamonds, and the dear little snowflakes danced happily in the air. Elsie thought she never had seen such a pretty night. She blew

a kiss to the big round yellow moon.

And now it was time to hang up the stockings. Little Elsie could not help hoping that Santa would notice how neatly she had darned hers. Lilyan hung up one of her newest dozen with the imported lace set in over the instep, and both little girls scampered off to bed, to dream of jolly old Saint Nick and his scurrying reindeer.

Very early next morning, before anything else was stirring, Elsie tiptoed downstairs as quietly as a little mouse to see what was in her stocking. She could hardly wait to untie all the red ribbons from the white tissue paper packages, she was so anxious to see what they contained. When they were all finally unwrapped, she sat right down on the floor and spread her gifts all around her.

There was the prettiest coat-hanger all painted with cunning little kittens' faces, and a lovely calendar with a quotation from Whittier for each month in the year, and a dear little tea-cozy with "When you want hot tea just call on me" done across it in outline stitch, and a pair of bayberry candles with bluebirds for happiness on them, and the cutest bag to hold toothpaste when travelling, and a whole box full of great big pieces of home-made fudge!

And this was not all by any means. There were all sorts of the cleverest

cards that ever you saw in your life, to tell Elsie that they hoped she would have a nice, nice Christmas, and just the very happiest of happy New Years. There was one with a little lady in a big sunbonnet painted on it, and another with a sweet little country church with its roof covered with shiny make-believe snow, and a whole lot with pictures of Santa in his bright red suit and his bright white whiskers. And then there was one with a wee china kewpie tied to it with a pink bow, and on the card was printed:

"I cannot be with you myself to-day,
So I send this little kewpie
To wish you a merry Christmas day
And a New Year filled with beauty."

Elsie thought that this one was very nearly the nicest of all.

My, how many things there were when she had them all arranged neatly on the floor. You may be sure that little Elsie was glad to remember how very, very good she had been all through the whole long year.

"Just think," she said to herself, "I now have this unique tea-cozy, these pretty candles, this quaint little coat-hanger, this novel toothpaste bag, this useful and poetic calendar, and all this rich candy. If I had not been so good, I would not have received them, and then where would I be to-day?"

For Lilyan's stocking hung limp and empty where she had hung it. There were no tempting little tissue paper packages peering out of the top of it. All that poor little Lilyan found, when she came down at quarter to one to see what she had for her Christmas, was a Rolls-Royce limousine and an autographed check, of a horrid shade of pink, with an ugly blank space left where the amount was not filled in.

But little Elsie still believes in Santa Claus.



"Mummy, aren't we good? We've just been cleanin' out the chimney so's it'll be all nice for Santa to-morrow night!"



My Christmas Present to You

I shall take my untold Love for you,
Tie a ribbon round its waist,
Put holly in its shining hair,
And a kiss upon its face.

Its pretty hair is like the sun,
Its merry eyes are gray,
Its little mouth's a rosebud
You gave to me one day.

I made its hair from golden hours,
That we have spent together,
I made its merry eyes the shade
Of gray, our favorite weather.

I'll wrap it up in cotton wool,
And send it in all haste
To you for Christmas morning,
Oh, please, Sir, like my taste!
Mabel Cleland Lindum.



"I hear Santa Claus now."

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Fishbein and Blintz Discuss the Yuletide Spirit

Montague Glass



I SUPPOSE, Blintz, that the pants business is the only business which ain't affected none by the Christmas trade," said Harris Fishbein, the pants manufacturer, to his partner, Max Blintz, "because nobody never gives anybody a pair of pants with his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In fact, Blintz, nobody never gives anybody a present of a pair of pants for any reason from birth-days up. Pants is something which is bought every man for himself strictly Dutch, Blintz, like such drinks as bicarbonate of soda or mathematic spirits of ammonia."

"For that matter, there's plenty of other lines like coal shot in, or coal carried in, which nobody never thinks of giving anybody with the Season's Greetings, Fishbein," Blintz said.

"In fact, strictly necessary presents people don't seem to think is etiquette for Christmas or even birthdays, Fishbein, which instead of receiving a fifteen-dollar, silver-plated coffee percolator when I already got a perfectly good agate coffee pot in the kitchen, I would feel just as well satisfied if someone would send me for Christmas a three-year fire insurance policy containing the usual eighty per cent. co-insurance clause, covering the furniture in my flat up on Washington Heights, with all good wishes for a joyous Christmas, or even without."

"And I bet yer there's a whole lot of married couples which would be tickled to pieces, if they found hanging on the Christmas tree on Christmas morning instead of a full set of

O. Henry from Aunt Ray with her love, a receipted bill for telephone service and toll charges during the month of November, including a couple of long distance calls," Fishbein added, "because when it comes right down to it, Blintz, if somebody has made up his mind to give a relation a Christmas present worth, we would say, for example, \$6.25, y'understand, why should he waste his time shopping around in crowded stores trying to find something which he thinks his relation will like, and which his relation probably won't, when he could go right over to the Consolidated Gas Company and arrange to pay for five thousand cubic feet of illuminating gas at \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet to be consumed by the relation at his flat for cooking purposes during the year 1922, which the buyer could hope would be a Prosperous and Happy one by simply enclosing his card with the Gas Company's receipt."

"Still, Blintz, the idea of giving Christmas presents at all, is that the person who gets one should have something to remind him of the sender, and what is there to remind you of anyone you are fond of in five thousand cubic feet of gas?" Fishbein said.

"Well, certainly you couldn't have engraved on it *From Max to Hattie, Christmas, 1921*, and certainly, also, nobody is going to say: 'I hate to burn

this two hundred cubic feet of gas; it's the last of the five thousand poor Uncle Sig olav hasholom gave me before he got hit by the taxi,' y'understand," Blintz said, "but then how many Christmas presents are there that you could

really and truly say actually remind you of the sender? Of course, if you've got a relation which is one of the most prominent mortgages in the Bronx, we would say, for example, and he was to send you a second mortgage secured by improved real property, Fishbein,

you might read over the twenty days' interest clause and the sixty days' tax and assessment clause years afterwards and say how characteristic it was of poor Mr. Teitelbaum *selig*, but you certainly couldn't cry over it like if it would be a lock of his hair or something. And as for somebody sending you a safety razor for a Christmas present, the only person who could give it to you and expect that you will be reminded of him every time you put in a fresh blade is Mr. Gillette himself."

"The fact is, Blintz, that when somebody gives you a Christmas present, remembering him is the least pleasant thing about it, especially when next Christmas comes along," Fishbein said, "which practically one hundred per cent. of the last-minute Christmas shopping is done not by people who failed to do their Christmas shopping early,

but by people with bad memories who clean forgot that *last* Christmas they got a present from somebody and omitted to put his name on the list of presents they were going to return *this* Christmas. In other words, Blintz, most Christmas presents ain't presents at all. They're just swops, and while in all swops *somebody* is bound to get the short end of the swop, in these here Christmas present swops, both parties to the transaction are pretty well convinced that he is the particular one who is getting stuck."

"Well, it certainly



"Pants is something which is bought every man for himself strictly Dutch"



VICTOR C. ANDERSON. A.E.F.

His Secret

don't add to the pleasure of smoking a box of Christmas cigars you've got from somebody, even if they *are* the same brand that you sent the feller who sent them to you, Fishbein, when at the same time you couldn't help thinking that you sent him a box of perfect shapes at twenty-five cents straight, whereas, he sent you a box of perfectionnado shapes at twenty cents apiece or three for a half," Blintz observed.

"Still, it's a whole lot better to get for Christmas presents, articles which you are going to use up right away like cigars or candy, Blintz," Fishbein said, "because people has got to consider about Christmas presents nowadays that the high cost of moving and the limited amount of wall space in the average flats, makes a full set of books or a good-sized picture not an asset but a liability, and if anybody receives a sufficient quantity of such presents,

Blintz, what he sooner or later gets to remember the sender by is a bill from a storage warehouse company for moving half a van load of books and pictures including loading and unloading \$25, and two men for half a day, each at \$8 per day per man, total \$33."

"Of course that's *one* way of looking at it," Blintz admitted, "but there's always the other side to be considered with them staple Christmas presents like books and pictures, Fishbein, and that is that they're *just* good next Christmas as they are *this* Christmas, so, therefore, if there ain't some such give-away in it as

To Max Blintz with Harris Danowitz's good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year, December 25th, 1921,

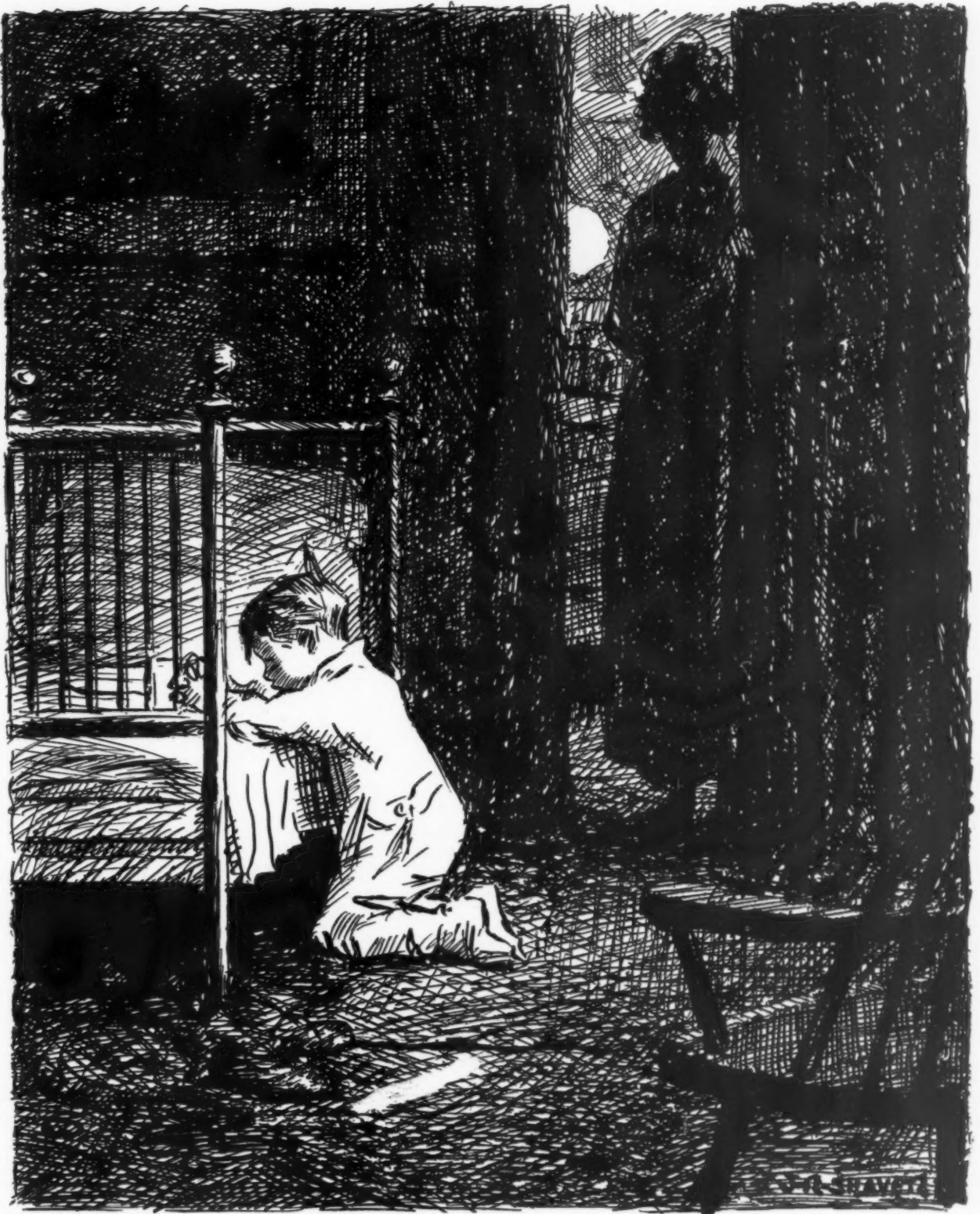
y'understand, a set of O. Henry, complete uniform edition, is just as good

Christmas, 1922, or even for all the wear *I* would give it, Fishbein, Christmas, 1923."

"Well, joking to one side, Blintz, this here exchanging of Christmas presents has grown to be a nuisance like check kiting," Fishbein said. "People don't give you Christmas presents. They only lend them to you and if you don't send them something just as good in return, anyhow *next* Christmas, Blintz, they act toward you like you was a dead beat."

"Let 'em act, Fishbein," Blintz concluded, "because if business ain't no better next Christmas than it is this, y'understand, I give fair warning to anybody who sends me a Christmas present this Christmas, that for all the Christmas present they would get from me *next* Christmas, they might just so well write on the package:

"Don't Open Till Christmas, 1923."



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

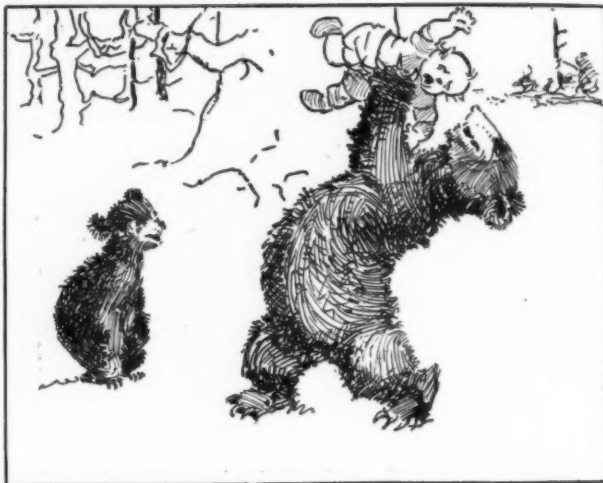
A Prayer

"An' if ye happen to see Sandy Claus, please tell him I'm a good boy. Amen."

Peter's First Christmas



Dad Bear: Some thoughtful person has brought us Peter Pan.
Elmer Bear: Dad, may I have him for a pet?



Dad Bear: I think the squawking kid must have the tummyache.
Elmer: Or else the little tyke is hungry.



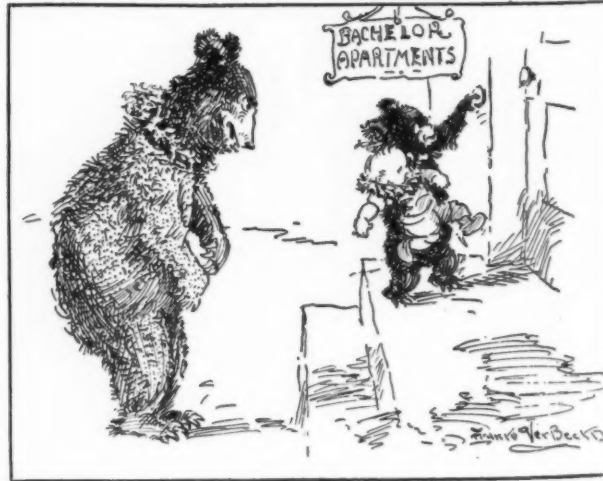
Elmer: Can't yo' squeeze a little, Dad? I'm not gittin' a drop.



Elmer: Oh, Daddy, I've lost Peter! Did they take 'im with'm?



Elmer: Do speed up, Daddykins; we must find some place for Peter to hang up his stockings.



Dad: Let's not wait, Elmer; Peter'll be all right if yo' just put 'im down and come along home.

The New Technique of Ablution

By Don Herold

I HAVE given up hope of ever becoming sophisticated. Everywhere I go there is a different towel and soap system. I can no longer enter a hotel, theatre or Pullman washroom with the air of a man who has been there before. I know, now, that wherever I go I must learn some new and novel way of drying my hands and face, and fathom some new source of soap.

In one place I find corrugated paper towels with which I must rub and not blot, in another I find very similar-looking towels with which I must blot and not rub. Some of these paper towels must be used vertically, others horizontally, others with the grain, and others without it. Some must be held up against the pores, pore for pore; a pore in the paper must exactly focus with a pore in the face; heaven pity you if you happen to have 150 pores to the square inch instead of the normal 133.

Now, some of these paper towels come out of the bottom of the box and some out of the top. In some cases the conscience is assisted, the edition being limited to one towel per client; in other cases the towels flutter out endlessly or roll off a paper roller ceaselessly, and one must let his conscience be his lone guide. So far, perhaps well and good. I sometimes encounter the same paper towel apparatus a second time and my sense of sophistication takes a leap. Then arises the problem of the disposition of the fragments or wad. At this point, if not sooner, I am invariably reduced again to the eternal rube. I have to look here and there, and the fragment box or wad basket is usually in neither place. Sometimes it is way over by the door. Sometimes I conquer my increasing embarrassment by tossing what is left of my paper towel onto the very (!) floor, though I would not think of doing that sort of thing in my own home.

The cloth towel, too, is baffling. In almost every washroom the cloth towel comes, I may say, in a different dress. The cloth towel is not what it used to be and certainly not what it is going to be. It is perhaps in an era midway between the old-fashioned general, or community, roller towel and some new sort of individual towel which a child can understand. No doubt the industry is at present injured by petty rivalries and jealousies; I hope to live to see the day when there may be harmony among the cloth towel manufacturers, as there is among the grapefruit growers, a wonderful day in which there will be standards of towel practice, in which there will be some restraint on towel invention, and in which the towel manufacturers may join in a co-operative educational campaign under some such impelling slogan as "Dry Your Hands and Face!"

In the meantime, we must get our hands and face dry somehow.

In one washroom I find towels with brass eyelets in the

corner which allow the individual towel to slip on an iron rod from one pile to another. I never know whether to work from right to left, or from left to right, clockwise or counter-clockwise. And I always have a feeling that whenever one of the piles gets full, either the ingoing or outgoing pile, the custodian merely comes and reverses the machinery, and then, pray, where is individualism?

Just this morning I had a battle with a complicated endless roller towel, the first of its species I have met. First, said the directions, one must grasp the sides of this towel near the mouth of the hopper, and then lean back with all of one's power. By the time I had mastered the rules, I

was completely dry by evaporation. And so it goes. In some places one must ask the boy. In others, one dares not ask the boy.

Nor is soaping any simpler.

Some of the soap devices must be tipped, others jiggled; some must be tumbled, some jerked, some squeezed gently, and some have a seltzer-bottle handle which must be pumped like the levers on the keyboard of a soda fountain. Just recently I found myself trying, in a Pullman car washroom, to get soap out

of a hook intended for razor strops.

I have often thought of carrying my own towel tray and soap flask, but one already has so many bulges, these days. Nor can the common income taxpayer afford a retinue of ointment bearers and fan wielders as did the dames of old when they went to wash their neck and ears.

If the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or some similar organization, would issue a "Manual of Towel Racks and Soap Squirters," they could count on my patronage, and I know several influential book reviewers who have washing problems, even as I, and I am sure all of us together could soon popularize such a publication. Or a "Guide to Wash Rooms" might be better. In traveling about, a person could then select those establishments where towels are still served in plain stacks with no mechanical attachments and where soap is presented in cakes as nature intended. Think of reading, "THE ALLEN HOUSE, Montmorenci, Indiana. Roller towel equipment: 1895 model; squeaks; changed on Mondays; discouraging as the week-end approaches. Soap: sometimes; cake variety; very powerful; normal equipment, 2 cakes." Or, "HOTEL IMPOVERISH, Atlantic City, N. J. Dreadnaught towel magazines of latest and most complicated design. Overhead and underground soap tubes with invisible taps. No place for novices."

No, I have no hope of ever becoming a man about town when it comes to washrooms. The inventors are working too fast for me.

Thank God they still serve water in faucets.





"Doan' nun er dem spell out lak de town whar I'se gwine at."

Liszt à la Fourchette

"**B**EAUTIFUL, isn't it?"
 "Yes, what is it?"
 "It's called 'Liebestraum.'"
 "It's beautiful. What did you say it was called?"
 "'Liebestraum,' or 'A Dream of Love.' It's beautiful."
 "Yes, isn't it? What's the name—'A Dream of the Hours'?"
 "No, 'A Dream of Love.' It's beautiful. Victor Herbert's orchestra plays it on the phonograph."
 "Plays this? It's beautiful."
 "Yes, isn't it? It's called 'Liebestraum.'"
 "I thought you said it was called 'A Dream of the Ages.'"
 "No, I said it was called 'Liebestraum,' or 'A Dream of Love.' Victor

Herbert's orchestra plays it on the phonograph. It's beautiful."

"Yes, it is. Did you say Victor Herbert's orchestra plays it?"

"Yes, on the phonograph. It's beautiful. It's called 'A Dream of Love'—or 'Liebestraum' in German."

"'A Dream of Love.' It's beautiful."
 "Yes, it is beautiful. You ought to get it. Victor Herbert's orchestra, you know. 'A Dream of Love' it's called."

"Yes, I guess I'll get it. It's beautiful. What did you say was the name of it?"

Henry William Hanemann.

"WHY did he give up leading the simple life?"

"He found it too complicated."

Write Your Own "Main Street"

A Literary Formula

NOVEL writing in this day and generation is not difficult. You, too, can write a novel. The following method has been tried in several instances and has proved entirely satisfactory:

First, get a dictaphone, which may be procured for a few dollars at almost any good dictaphone store. Then proceed to a small town in the Middle West, or, for that matter, the Far West, or South, or even in the East, or possibly along the Canadian Border. Having arrived at the town, pick out a small frame house with a picket fence round it and rose or lilac bushes in the front yard, and inhabited by a man, his wife, their little child and one or both mothers-in-law.

As soon as possible get in collusion with the gas man and get him to install your dictaphone in the house, pretending that it is a new kind of meter. A small gratuity will induce him to do this and also to change the cylinders at intervals. You may now leave the town and spend six months on the Riviera, in the Canadian Rockies, or in Tahiti, as your fancy dictates, where you will be able to work up your publicity at leisure.

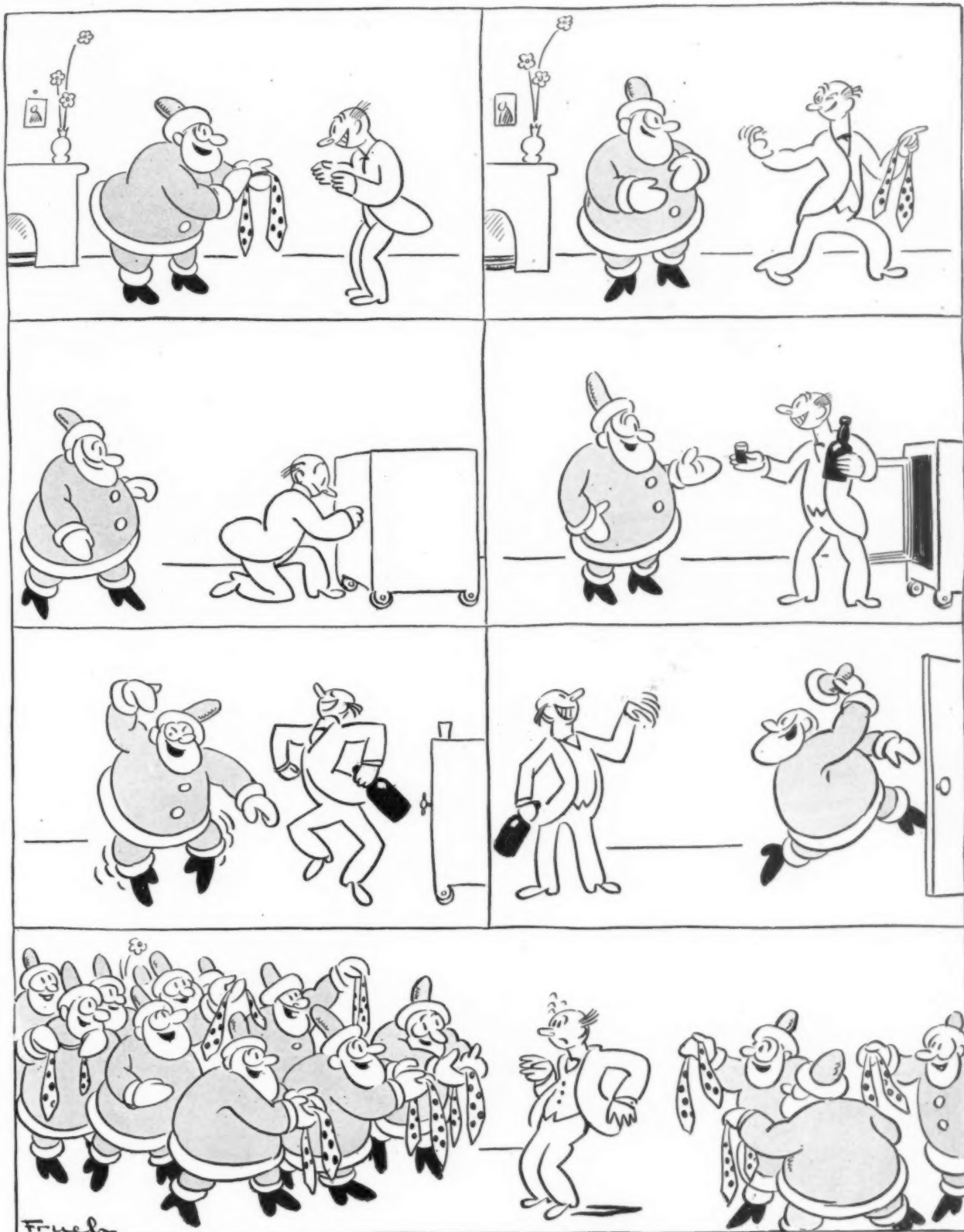
At the end of the six months you may return, take the accumulated cylinders to a good typist and have them typed. You now have two or more thousand manuscript pages. Run through them rapidly, changing proper names, and divide into four equal parts, labeling them, respectively, "Early Worms," "Fauns and Satyrs," "Houses of Glass," and "Blind Guides."

You now have four gripping novels, pulsating with the heart-throb of provincial tragedy, instinct with verisimilitude, and daringly portraying the crumbling structure of that whited sepulchre, the American home.

With the first of these, you may easily establish a school of fiction. Any good book reviewer will be glad to do this for you if you will furnish him with a set of typed interviews in which you will state briefly your opinion of Shaw, Wells, Conrad and Mencken. Do not make the mistake of reading these authors. The point to drive home is that you are independent of all traditions.

Leave the rest to your publisher, your wife and your photographer.

Roger Burlingame.



Frueh
 Drawn by A. Frueh

There are no secrets in the Santa Claus family.

Elegy on a Virtuous Doll

HUSHED be all sounds profane! Let great and small
 In silence grace our solemn funeral
 Where gentle wooden beasts of every kind
 From Noah's Ark in sad procession wind.
 Let Biff and Cat attend in somber veil,
 And Bim, the Pup, with crêpe about his tail,
 While they that knew her best her worth declare:
 Oh, velvet Elephant! Oh, Teddy Bear!
 Lament Ginevra Jane, so pure, so good,
 That pearl of Dollyhood!

How fair she was! Her cheeks were roses rare,
 Her eyes were violets, red gold her hair.
 How true she was! Though human passion errs,
 What constancy in comradeship was hers!
 Yet, Mistress of her Soul, no passing joys
 Nor griefs untold could shake her equipoise.
 Though pierced with poignant pins that searched her core,
 Though sat upon, though dragged along the floor,
 Though vigorously spanked—enduring child,
 How amiably she smiled!

Mourn, mourn in all the panoply of woe!
 Yet shall we mourn her selfishly who know
 The happy fate of dolls as good as she
 That now on rainbow pinions, light and free,
 Disport in dewy glade or mossy dell
 With Cobweb, Mustard Seed and Ariel?
 No, let us think of dear Ginevra Jane
 Reborn to dance in blithe Titania's train;
 For, wand in hand and silver star on brow,
 She is a Fairy now! *Arthur Guiterman.*



Mr. Bug: It's simply terrible how mercenary some folks are getting these days. Now here's old Mr. Porcupine letting himself out as a Christmas Tree.

A Christmas Spectacle

For Use in Christmas Eve Entertainments in the Vestry

Robert C. Benchley

A



T the opening of the entertainment, the Superintendent will step into the footlights, recover his balance apologetically, and say:

"Boys and girls of the Intermediate Department, parents and friends: I suppose you all know why we are here to-night. (At this point the audience will titter apprehensively.) Mrs. Drury and her class of little girls have been working very hard to make this entertainment a success, and I am sure that everyone here to-night is going to have what I overheard one of my boys the other day calling 'some good time.' (Indulgent laughter from the little boys.) And may I add before the curtain goes up that immediately after the entertainment we want you all to file out into the Christian Endeavor room, where there will be a Christmas tree, 'with all the fixin's,' as the boys say." (Shrill whistling from the little boys and immoderate applause from everyone.)

There will then be a wait of twenty-five minutes, while sounds of hammering and dropping may be heard from behind the curtains. The Boys' Club orchestra will render the "Poet and Peasant Overture" four times in succession, each time differently.

At last one side of the curtains will be drawn back; the other will catch on something and have to be released by hand; someone will whisper loudly, "Put out the lights," following which the entire house will be plunged into darkness. Amid cat-calls from the little boys, the footlights will at last go on, disclosing:

The windows in the rear of the vestry rather ineffectively concealed by a group of small fir trees on standards, one of which has already fallen over, leaving exposed a corner of the map of Palestine and the list of gold-star classes for November. In the center of the stage is a larger tree, undecorated, while at the extreme left, invisible to everyone in the audience except those sitting at the extreme right, is an imitation fireplace, leaning against the wall.

Twenty-five seconds too early little Flora Rochester will

prance out from the wings, uttering the first shrill notes of a song, and will have to be grabbed by eager hands and pulled back. Twenty-four seconds later the piano will begin "The Return of the Reindeer" with a powerful accent on the first note of each bar, and Flora Rochester, Lillian McNulty, Gertrude Hamingham and Martha Wrist will swirl on, dressed in white, and advance heavily into the footlights, which will go out.

There will then be an interlude while Mr. Neff, the sexton, adjusts the connection, during which the four little girls stand undecided whether to brave it out or cry. As a compromise they giggle and are herded back into the wings by Mrs. Drury, amid applause. When the lights go on again, the applause becomes deafening, and as Mr. Neff walks triumphantly away, the little boys in the audience will whistle: "There she goes, there she goes, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes!"

"The Return of the Reindeer" will be started again and the show-girls will reappear, this time more gingerly and somewhat dispirited.

They will, however, sing the following, to the music of the "Ballet Pizzicato" from "Sylvia":

*"We greet you, we greet you,
On this Christmas Eve so fine.
We greet you, we greet you,
And wish you a good time."*

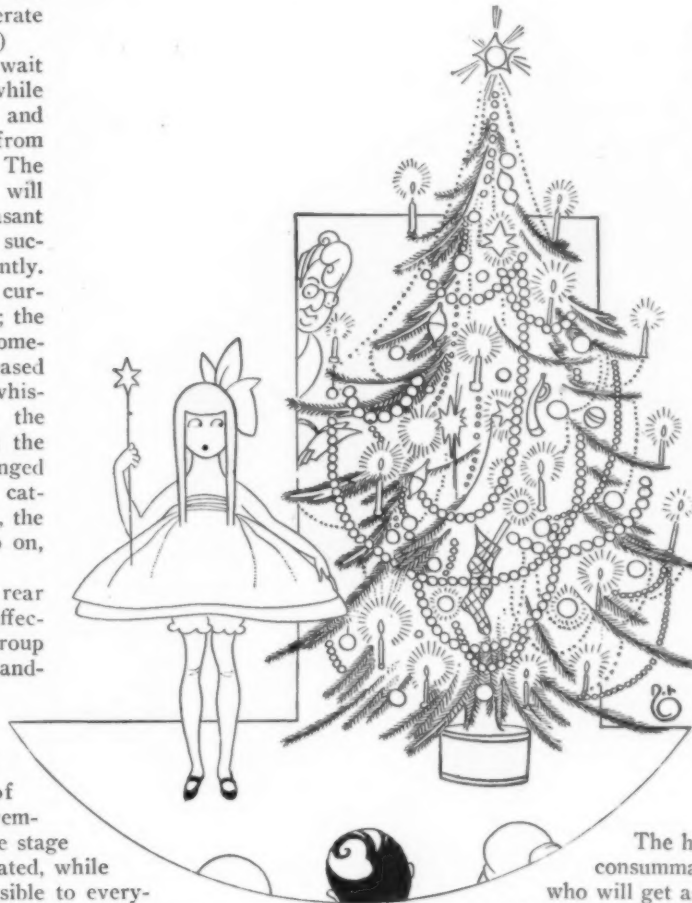
They will then turn toward the tree and Flora Rochester will advance, hanging a silver star on one of the branches, meanwhile reciting a verse, the only distinguishable words of which are: "I am Faith so strong and pure—"

At the conclusion of her recitation, the star will fall off.

Lillian McNulty will then step forward and hang her star on a branch, reading her lines in clear tones:

*"And I am Hope, a virtue
great,
My gift to Christmas now
I make,
That children and grown-
ups may hope to-day
That to-morrow will be a
merry Christmas Day."*

The hanging of the third star will be consummated by Gertrude Hamingham, who will get as far as "Sweet Charity I bring to place upon the tree—" at which point the strain will become too great and she will forget the remainder. After several frantic glances toward the wings, from which Mrs. Drury is sending out (Continued on page 55)





Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

Christmas
As All Dog Lovers



Christmas Morning
Dog Owners Would Like to Have It

Could Rev. President Harding Feel Any Fresher?

Togo Has Valuable Money on Hand for Safe and Sane Christmas Present

Wallace Irwin

TO Editor "Life Weekly Gazette,"
a publication,
Dear Printer:

The Japanese Hyphen Literary & American Society has collected up val-



"Something broke his heart, so he went downstairs."

uable money (11\$) for purpose to send Imperial Highness Rev. Hon. U. S. Pres. Warring G. Harding one slight Christmas contribution. Some of this is in W. S. stampage, but our hearts are on the right side and we wish passionately to send some present like he never got before. We realize how nearly all true Americans (Republican) have donated to him hand-painted collars, Easter eggs, China curling irons, dogs (fire and bull), educated turkeys and portraits of Henry Crabbot Lodge done on hammered brass with a nail. All these sweet memorials come continuously by freight to show how America shall remain disentangled from Europe.

But what could we send to Rev. Pres Harding so he will feel suprised and fresher? We have asked considerable Japanese minds of prominence to make suggestions for this, and from the most intellectual brains we have received following replies:

Hon. Frank Hondo (Japanese shoe-polish)—

Please donate to him a glass overcoat painted with flags of all nations. This would contain entire spirit of Xmas, because it are expensive to ship and quite useless when it gets there.

Cousin Nogi—

Send photo of Royal Ambassador Geo Harvey making speech at St Jas. Palace with following quotation from his works, "Goodbye Supper State, foreign tanglements & other nincompups."

Arthur Kickahajama—

Send him Japanese book of Si-Ko Analysis so he can find out why Senator Borah keep on talking to White House like he forgot Hon. Woodrow Wilson have moved away.

Mr. Editor, because I am on Committee on Finance for that collection I have enjoyed much pain obtaining this cash from my countrymen who can become quite Scottish in times of give-away.

For instancely, last Wedsdy p.m. I intruded on residence of Alexander Katsu who wads his money very tightly.

"1\$ please," I negotiate.

"Are you also asking money to help Ireland starve?" he narrate with buttons on his pockets.

"Ah no!" I pronounce distinctually. "But Mary Christmas will soonly be here."

"Whoever started Christmas," he say so, "began it with big mistake. What German efficiency would think of making money-blow ceremony ten (10) days after incom-tax payment? Nobody."

"But this date are neccessary for all Christians," I officiate.

"So ha!" he corrode. "Then I can save 1\$ by being a heathen."

"How foolish thought!" I dib. "Unless we learn to imitate evil ways of Christians when will we become civilized? Also heathen nationalities should help to make Christmas brighter because only the rich can get drunk this year. Shall we deprive poor popper children of slumms happiness of becoming sick from too much candy? Do

not behave so scrooge. Nextly you know you will be joining the S.P. U. G."

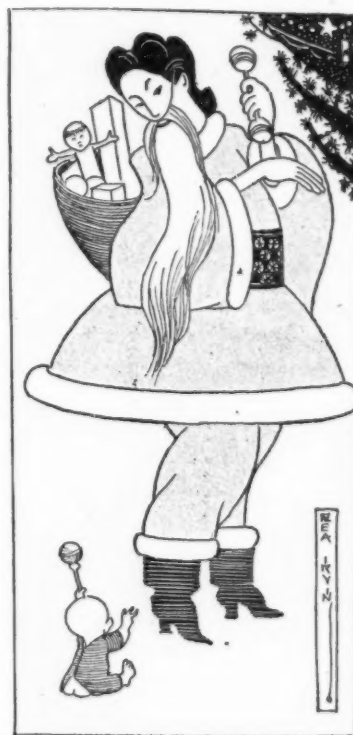
"What are S. P. U. G.?" require Alexander Katsu with 3% expression.

"Society for Preservation of Ugly Girls," I explunge. "Unless check-books are bursted occasionally and bankrupcy enjoyed by husbands, fathers, etc., ladies will go on strike and stop looking pretty because what's the use. Children would not grow up without toys to smash on holiday time of money blow-up. Without pretty girl marriage would become unfashionable. Therefore human race would be postponed indefinitely."

"Sandy Claus are a delicious disappointment like Stillman and others," snarrel Katsu.

"Ah yes sometimes!" I amputate. "But what historical character would you substitute for either gentleman?"

"I nominate Hon. Benj. Franklin," snuggest him. "What have Sandy Claus ever done for the Republican party? Nothing, after election. But
(Continued on page 51)



"Sandy Claus are a delicious disappointment."



"Aw! Git a reindeer!"

At Last a Painless Christmas

Lawton Mackall

SANTA CLAUS is being taught efficiency.

"Merry Christmas for Arthur from Aunt Emmaline. This card is good for a \$3.50 derby hat at Rothenberg's Emporium." "Yuletide greetings to Margot from Cousin Ned. This card may be exchanged for a \$4.98 pair of Neverwear silk stockings at the Bon Ton Bazaar."

An admirable system. Not only does it ease Santa's burden, but it saves the ordinary Christmas donor from the necessity of shopping. In fact it puts all the bother on the person who receives the gift. Truly, the merchants who invented the Say-it-with-pasteboards scheme have evolved something that eliminates all waste motion.

No longer need the cheerful giver struggle home on Christmas Eve a battered wreck buffeted in a thousand mystic aisles of department stores, laden with a lawnmower for Father, a fireless cooker for Mother and, amid a toppling stack of parcels, a precious

package for Her, rescued from the gutter three times already (it, not she)—all to be painfully unpacked, unpriced and underworn in tissue and ribbon late that night. Such ordeals are out of date. He does the trick with a few cards.

To be sure, the system is not yet fully developed. At present one still has to order cards from the individual stores. But undoubtedly there will soon be Christmas ticket agencies, on the order of Tyson's and McBride's, where one will be able to buy cards for reserved gifts at all the best shops. The busy woman will be able to call up and say, "I want two for a nephew of twenty-eight."

"Well, we can let you have a pair of cuff-links at Spiffany's or a pair of slippers at Lord & Altman's."

And after Christmas the pasteboard clearing houses and cut-rate offices will do a thriving business. "Embroidered suspenders from Aunt Mathilda, quoted at 28 cents." "I necktie, female selec-

tion, and box of Flor de Guano Invincibles, offered in exchange for 1 sack Bull Durham."

With sleigh transportation as high as it is, it ought to be quite a relief to Santa to travel light, with only a neat little pack, as he makes his rounds of the Christmas card tables.

The lucky recipients can start the New Year with a postponed Yuletide rush.

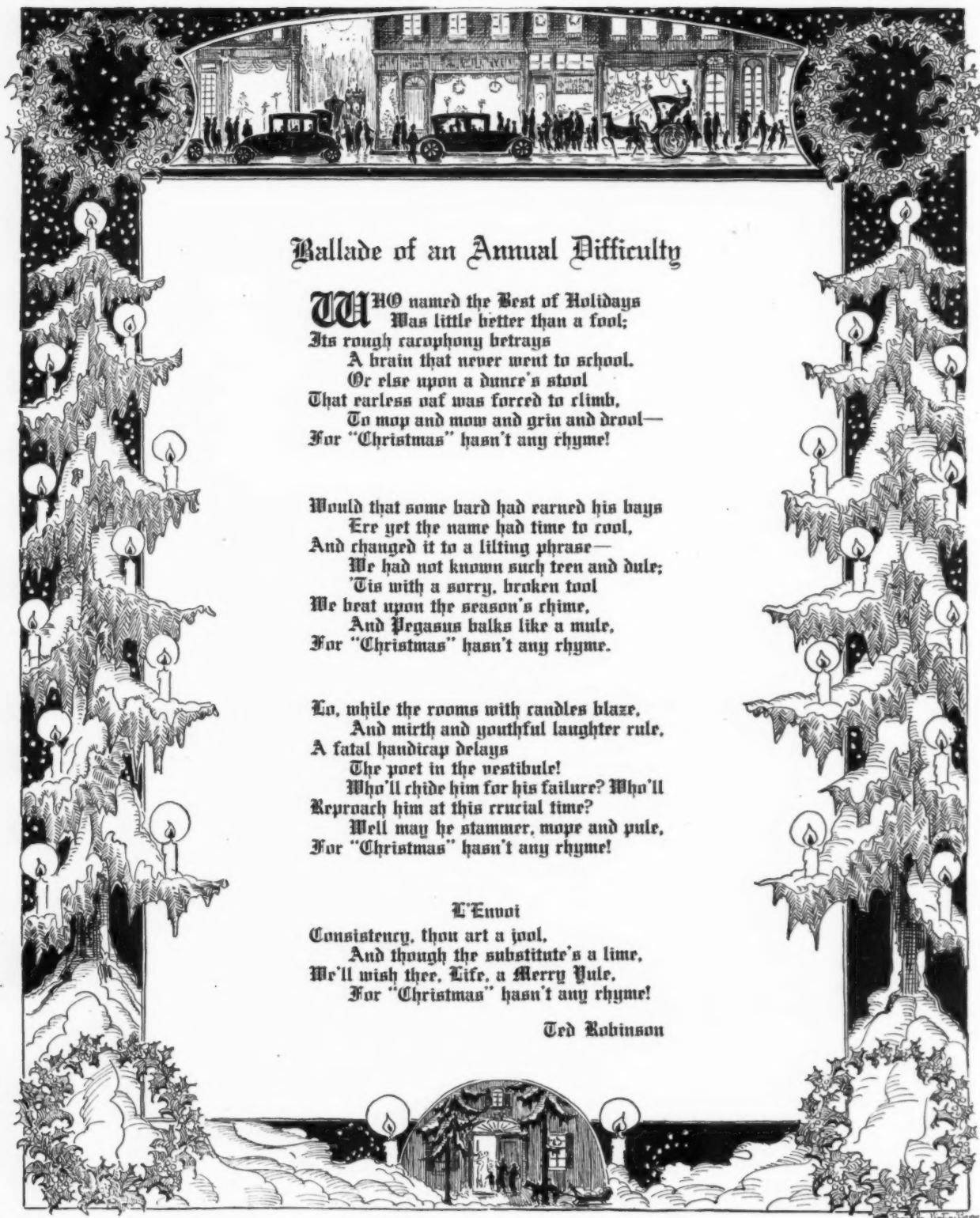
Skirt à la Mode

WOMAN of dress makes lavish show,

In plumage she is strong,
But spreads it only from chapeau
To waistline. Hence the song:
She wants but little gear below
Nor wants that little long.

POLITE PEDDLER (to small boy swinging on gate): Little boy, is your mother engaged?

LITTLE BOY: Come in and I will see. I think she is married.



Ballade of an Annual Difficulty

WH^O named the Best of Holidays
 Was little better than a fool;
 Its rough cacophony betrays
 A brain that never went to school.
 Or else upon a dunce's stool
 That earless oaf was forced to climb,
 To mop and mow and grin and drool—
 For "Christmas" hasn't any rhyme!

Would that some bard had earned his bays
 Ere yet the name had time to cool,
 And changed it to a lilting phrase—
 We had not known such teen and dule;
 'Tis with a sorry, broken tool
 We beat upon the season's chime,
 And Pegasus balks like a mule,
 For "Christmas" hasn't any rhyme.

To, while the rooms with candles blaze,
 And mirth and youthful laughter rule,
 A fatal handicap delays
 The poet in the vestibule!
 Who'll chide him for his failure? Who'll
 Reproach him at this crucial time?
 Well may he stammer, mope and pule,
 For "Christmas" hasn't any rhyme!

L'Envoi

Consistency, thou art a fool,
 And though the substitute's a lime,
 We'll wish thee, Life, a Merry Yule,
 For "Christmas" hasn't any rhyme!

Ted Robinson

"To Men of Good Will"

Agnes Repplier

IF there are any two nations that entertain for each other sentiments of good will, it would be interesting to have them come forward this Christmas day and say so. The friendships born of the Great War having perished in the Great Peace, and the Washington Conference for the limitation of other people's armaments failing to resuscitate them, the supply of good will is running perilously low. There are still polite expressions of regard, and an occasional exchange of medals and monuments; but potter hates potter, and poet hates poet. Mr. Colby's "family of nations" is as truly affectionate as large families settling a disputed inheritance are ever wont to be.

The antagonisms of the Near East, which are racial, and the antagonisms of the Far East, which are denominational, may be trusted to supply what statesmen call "unrest." Greece and Turkey are as friendly as in the days of Bozzaris, Spain and Morocco as devoted as in the days of Ferdinand and

Isabella. From Albania comes a shrill protest that Serbia is threatening her frontier. Indeed, the Balkans may be likened to an imperfectly disciplined school where cries of "Teacher, Sadie Smith has swiped my lead pencil!" "Teacher, make Tommy Jones stop kicking me on the shins!" dispel the monotony of rectitude.

While the gentle Quakers have been feeding the children and students of Germany, that single-track nation has developed a gun which fires two thousand bullets a minute, and can be operated by a gunner half a mile away,—a gun compared to which Big Bertha was as the flintlock musket of our ancestors. France contemplates this peaceful product with a sour suspicion, wounding to the pacifist's soul. Russia feeds her army, and lets a benevolent world feed her women and children. She is not by way of permitting a sloppy sentiment to mar her sense of values.

As for Silesia, whose towns have been given away like Christmas cards,

it is only at the beginning of its troubles. Even dogs and cats cannot be trusted to live quietly with new proprietors, as any naturalist could have told the League of Nations. But it is not from Poles or from Irishmen that we anticipate the sluggish thing called peace. Time enough for that in another and less stirring world. In this one there is always—the Saints be praised—something to fight about. Why, when all else fails, a Woolworth five-and-ten-cent store—regarded by Americans with incurious apathy—will furnish Dublin with a chance for a political row. Which shows the genius of the Celt.

"How's the school system in your place?"

"Not quite bad enough."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if it was any worse the parents would have to take a personal interest in their children."



Delilah: You know perfectly well, Samson, that you would feel very much better if your hair were bobbed.

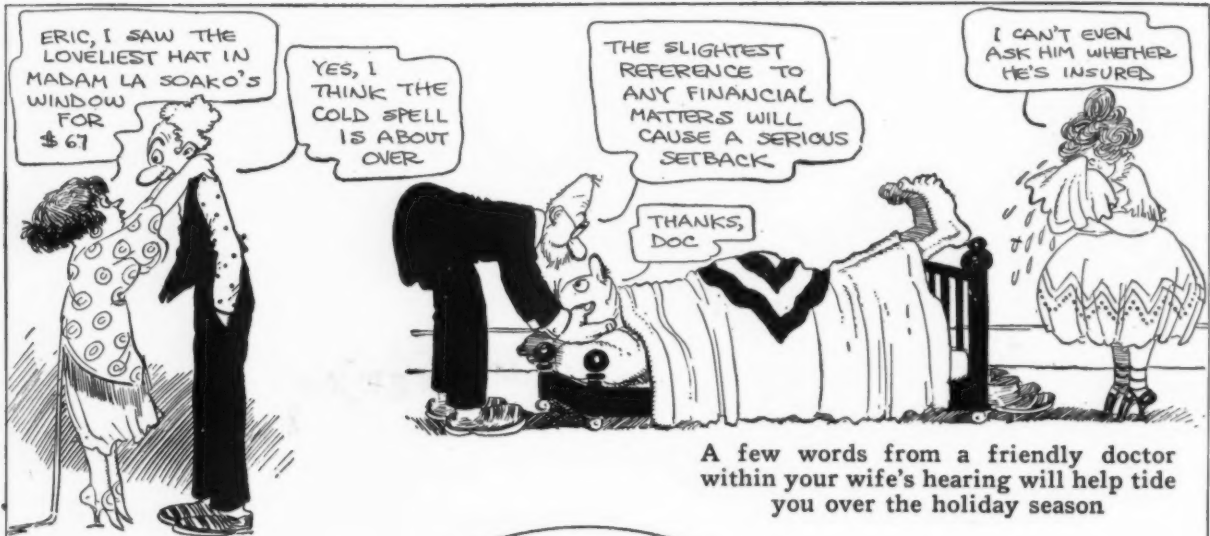


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The Christmas Spirit—



"Come Home and All Will Be Forgiven"



A sudden attack of deafness is always a great help around Christmas



It's a simple thing to pick a fight with her around the 20th of December and make up after New Year's



Drawn by R. L. Goldberg

We Suggest These Few Ways to Overcome the High Cost of Christmas, but You Try Them at Your Own Risk

Do You or Don't You?

Thomas L. Masson

WHEN thoughts of Christmas come, most of us are likely to feel a tug of pathos at our hearts over that tragic moment in the lives of so many children when they wake up to the fact that there is no Santa Claus.

But think of how much more tragic is the fact that afterwards there are so many of them who never wake up to the fact that there really is a Santa Claus. That is one of the most terrible finalities of life.

First to believe in a Santa Claus, then to have one's belief shattered, and to let that be the end—never to be able to go back to Santa Claus himself and really learn the truth—what a blind alley to be cooped up in for the rest of one's life!

In those of us who count ourselves fortunate always to have believed in a Santa Claus—just as we have always believed in fairies and guardian angels—there is no feeling of intolerance for the ones who have disbelieved during certain periods of their lives. We look upon these misguided but possibly normal folks with sympathy. It was necessary for them to go through this period of unbelief in order to come back once more to belief. But, oh, how sad the fate of those who never come back—who go on, right up to the end of their days, in such complete ignorance of all the realities that make life worth while; they are the kind of people who smile at the children on Christmas morning, and say aside: "How nice it is to be young!" They never

even suspect what they are missing.

There ought to be a society formed of people who believe in things! If we got ourselves together in this way, we might in time become invincible. We would soon, no doubt, manage a very effective propaganda for converting all the blind ones—all those terrible people who go about uttering truths,

Such, for example, is the declaration that two and two make four. This has been said so often now that people have actually come to believe in it. It only goes to show how far astray good—perfectly good—people can be led. Yet it is consoling to know that, although few people would have the courage to declare that two and two aren't four, in

actual practice they show that they know better. Otherwise there would be few romances, if any; there would be no children, no joy, not much of anything worth while.

There would be no flowers on city fire-escapes, no foolish songs, no frivolous half-hours in which nothing is done, no beauty, no laughter.

But in the absence of our contemplated society, how can we who believe put it up to those who don't? Perhaps, after all, the best way is to meet them with their own weapons. Let us, then, present them with an axiom, and let us dare them to prove that it isn't true.

Let us say to them that *what is believed in, is*. Can they deny this? They cannot.

If they don't believe in a Santa Claus after that, then they must acknowledge that

they are cutting themselves off from something that the rest of us who believe must glory in because we have come to believe in it.

The Society of Those Who Believe in Things (which is now started), therefore presents its greetings. There is no initiation, no annual dues, nothing but a nice little belief. . . . Thanks! And we wish you all the same.



Why Is This So Much Easier Than Lighting the Fire in the Kitchen Stove?

and displaying all sorts of horrible facts, as if they were real. Yet we should be careful—we should not fight them; that would only make them worse. There is no arguing with a man who doesn't believe in Santa Claus; he has been duped with axioms of the business world, with hideous certainties which, because they appear to be indisputable, are assumed to be true.

Christmas in London

George Ade

WHEN you set out to qualify as a circumnavigator, your whole timetable must be adjusted to seasonal conditions in India. Only in winter may the tourist at Agra, Jaipur and Benares find protection under a pith helmet. Therefore, when two of us planned to go around the orange, following the most beaten track to the east, we began guessing at dates and destinations and learned that we would have to make an early start to avoid being trapped by the deadly heat so picturesquely advertised by Mr. Kipling.

All this copious prelude so that you may understand why we found ourselves in London at Christmas time. One needs an alibi in a case of that kind. Do you remember the melodrama, "Alone in London"? We appeared in it.

London on Christmas eve was abuzz with gaiety (modified British gaiety) and crowds. We awoke on Christmas morning to find that during the night the human race had evaporated.

"Jolly Christmas, isn't it?"

We got this first at the egg ceremony in the lonesome grill. It was repeated by the field marshal who stood at the main entrance. Also, this particular Christmas was spoken of very highly by the barber and the musical comedy hero who assigned the rooms.

Taking one 25th of December with another and striking an average, we would have said that this London Christmas was not even a dismal suggestion of the real thing.

A soft gloom covered the earth. The sky was a sombre canopy, compromising between a gray and a dun. If you should mix battle-ship color with the shade used in painting refrigerator cars, you might get an approximation of the effect. The light came from nowhere. Not freezing weather but in

the sluggish air a chill which cut right through top-coats.

But a jolly Christmas, nevertheless, because the fog had lifted and no rain was falling.

Probably we had been spoiled in the matter of Christmases. Our romantic specifications called for white draperies on the hillside, feathered plumes surmounting each thicket, the smoke from every chimney going straight up, and a steel-cold sun hanging in burnished splendor overhead.

We had made no plans for the day, somehow feeling that every Christmas works out its own program. Certainly we had looked forward to being in London on the day which English-speaking people have garlanded with so much of homely sentiment.

Probably we had a lot of Dickens still lurking in our systems. We rather hoped to find, in London at Yuletide, the carols ringing out on the frosty air, while the backlog roared, the punch-bowl was wreathed with spicy vapors, the boar's head smiled from its pillow of holly and, on every hand, crabbed old gentlemen melted perceptibly before the good cheer of the blessed day and began giving money to crippled children.

It may be that the English Christmas is just what has been represented to us in song and story, but the homeless transient sees no part of it.

As we walked forth that Christmas we found that the metropolis of the world had become merely an emptiness of walls and shutters. If machine-guns had been planted at Trafalgar Square to sweep each radiating thoroughfare, there would have been no fatalities.

Probably behind the high walls (spiked with broken glass) and the drawn shades, the nuts were being cracked and cobwebby bottles of old port were being tenderly operated upon, and Uncle Charleys with shining faces were proposing toasts.

But, even a prohibition agent, intent upon compelling merrymakers to find their wassail in grape juice, would have been deceived by the outward solemnity of Christmas in London.

It seems to be the one day in the calendar on which every Englishman retires into his own home and pulls up the drawbridge. Those who have country places go to the country and those who know people having a country place put in acceptances weeks ahead. At every hearthstone the relatives who have been shunned during the previous 364 days are stuffed with warm food.

So we were told.

By noon we decided to escape from our hotel. It was so near the Thames that we dared not trust ourselves.

We learned of an old tavern, miles up the Thames, where a special dinner was served on Christmas day. Sure enough, we found a bed of coals in a grate, a Pickwick sort of person sitting in front of it stirring something with a spoon and a head waiter with apologetic side-whiskers.

We made out, as you might say, but if you, reader, are planning to be in Merrie England on Christmas day, look up the forkings of the ancestral tree and try to discover a relative.



It may be—but the homeless transient sees no part of it.



Drawn by George Wright

"I am trying to make Adele believe there's a Santa Claus."
"This year I'm trying to make my children believe there isn't."



Drawn by Lester Ralph

Ballade of a Denatured Christmas

Richard Le Gallienne

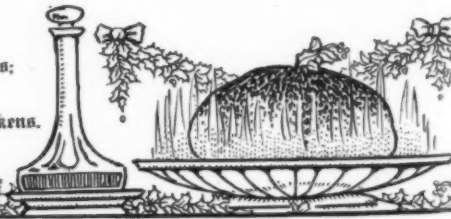
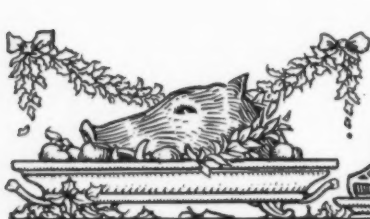
WHEN mince-pie goes without its sherry,
And Christmas pudding hath no flame,
Don't dare to call such Christmas "merry,"
Don't say 'tis Christmas all the same!
For mercy's sake, don't try that game!
You cowards, with the hearts of chickens,
'Tis folk like you that are to blame—
I'll spend my Christmas Day with Dickens.

Yes! my sad heart in him I'll bury,
The good old times ere life fell lame,
And hearts were warmed with Tom and Jerry,
And men got "glorious" without shame,
In Father Christmas' sacred name;
Ere grape-juice—that no dead pulse quickens,
And such-like sticky horrors came;
I'll spend my Christmas Day with Dickens.

Martini—don't forget the cherry!
A slice of lemon, pretty dame!
Even honest rider, and the very
Mention of punch—ah! crowned acclaim!
Are penal in a world grown tame;
Each year the gloom around us thickens,
As fools some new amendments frame—
I'll spend my Christmas Day with Dickens.

Envoi

Christmas, chap-fallen is your fame,
To-day the mere thought of you sickens;
A fast, no more a feast, proclaim—
I'll spend my Christmas Day with Dickens.



Three Brass Bedouins

A Morality Play of the East

Henry William Hanemann

I

Scene: A Garden in the Wilderness.

THE MAN: Ahbhoub, you are the light of my eyes, the warmth of my heart, the fire of my soul. . . .

THE WOMAN (coquettishly): Ah, no, Ahbheeb! Turn off the heat. My husband. . . .

THE MAN (starting nervously): Where is he?

THE WOMAN: Who knows? He was to meet me here.

THE MAN (rising quickly): Then I have a pressing matter to attend.

THE WOMAN: Stay. I said he was to meet me here. But he never remembers. His inability to keep straight an appointment is notorious. Even now, bemused in his mind, he probably hastens to Friday's engagement under the belief that he is keeping last Tuesday's. We are as safe as a Mosque.

THE MAN: Are you sure?

THE WOMAN: I have never known him to fail to confuse his rendezvous. But hold! Cometh Fizzk, my tiring-wench. (Enter Fizzk in haste.)

FIZZK: Get you gone, good Sir. Madam, as my name is Fizzk, it is time to retire. Last night I overheard Ahbhub, your husband, my master, swear to kill you both. How saith the cursed *Fcranghi*? He is wise. Beat it.

THE WOMAN: A fig for your fears! Ahbhub's quaint peculiarity of confusing his proper whereabouts will prevent him from ever finding us. I will wager my best earring of chalcedony that at this moment Ahbhub walks a mile for a camel that he isn't supposed to buy until day after to-morrow.

THE MAN: Your confidence emboldens me, Ahbhoub, my beloved. See how the starlight glistens upon the white berries of the mistletoe. Wilt thou mingle thine eyebrows with mine?

THE WOMAN (languorously): Yea. (She sinks her head on his shoulders. He takes his *Chi-tar* and sings softly and passionately):

Oú ou ou, la la la,
Oú ou ou, la la la;
Oú ou ou, la la la,
Oú ou ou, la la la.

CHORUS

Wee-wee, wee-wee.

CURTAIN

II

Short Scene: A Wilderness in the Garden.

THE HUSBAND: Bismillah! Hand clasped in hand in their bower of myrrh and mistletoe, they thought I would not see them. They thought wrong. Now to my vengeance. These fruits of my favorite palm tree—let me pit them and

fill them with hashish! (He does so.) Ha! Pitted of innocence and stuffed with death—a pretty conceit. To the left side of my enameled comfit box I put these dainty poisoned sweets. To the right side, I keep their harmless brethren. Death to Ahbhoub and Ahbheeb the faithless. Death!

CURTAIN

III

Scene: The Same Garden. The Wilderness Has Become Slightly Wilder.

THE WOMAN: Ahbheeb, my furnace of passion. . . .

THE MAN (tenderly): Ahbhoub, my little oil stove. . . .

THE WOMAN: My bonfire. . . .

THE MAN: My gas jet. . . .

THE WOMAN: My solidified alcohol. . . .

THE MAN: My Toasto!

THE WOMAN: My Grillo!

THE MAN: My Broilo!

THE WOMAN: My Stewo!

THE MAN: My Fryo!

THE WOMAN: My Scorcho!

THE MAN: My Bimbo! (The husband enters.)

THE HUSBAND: Forgive my intrusion, will you not? (The guilty pair jump up.)

THE WOMAN (attempting to cover her confusion): Mr. Bheeb, you—er—know my husband, Mr. Bhuh?

THE MAN: Allah be with you.

THE HUSBAND (grimly): Allah be merciful to you. (He extends his comfit box.)

THE MAN: Don't mind if I do. (He extends his hand.)

THE HUSBAND (indicating the right side of the box): Try one on this side, Ahbhoub?

THE WOMAN: Thank you, Ahbhub. (She, too, picks from the right side of the box.)

THE HUSBAND (guilelessly): And I. (He picks from the left side. All bite, chew and swallow. There is an awkward silence.)

THE MAN: How warm it is—and still.

THE HUSBAND: It may be still warmer—for some of us. (Suddenly his eyes fix in a glassy stare.)

THE WOMAN: I don't understand—

THE HUSBAND (thickly): Allah—protect—me. Neither do I. (He expires gracefully, ad lib.)

THE MAN (he stoops over Ahbhub): See—filled with hashish—poisoned! He has killed himself. Ahbhoub, beloved, what means this?

THE WOMAN (intuitively): He came to kill us.

THE MAN: With friendly proffer of poisoned fruit? I comprehend. And yet . . . how strange his failure.

THE WOMAN: Not strange at all. What saith the Koran? "Once an *Ishp*, always an *Ishp*."

THE MAN: But he gave us the dates of life and ate the dates of death himself. . . .

THE WOMAN: Fool! Was he not forever getting his dates mixed?

CURTAIN



How It Is Done

A. P. Herbert

LADY VICTORIA GUSH sat in her boudoir, among her bills, collecting her thoughts. An hour passed. She had collected one thought. *Bills.*

Another hour passed. Her eye fell lovingly upon her little library. She gazed profoundly at the volumes, both brightly bound. An expression passed over her face. She had collected another thought. *Books.*

She rang up Messrs. Mucke-Raike & Wallow, the publishers. Mr. Mucke-Raike himself answered the call.

"Lady Victoria Gush speaking," she said. "Will you publish a book for me, please?" She had a very sweet telephone voice.

"Certainly," said Mr. Mucke-Raike. "Is it a novel?"

"I don't know yet. How much do I get for a novel?"

"About eightpence a copy."

"What does that come to?"

"Oh, it varies—I've known many a young man to make as much as forty pounds out of a single novel."

"Oh!" There was a pause. Then "I don't think it's a novel," she said. "I think it's reminiscences."

Mr. Mucke-Raike gave a loud neigh of pleasure. "That's capital," he neighed. "I'll give you an advance of a thousand pounds and a royalty of forty per cent. on the first thirty thousand copies, sixty per cent. after. You'll make twenty thousand out of the book, fifty thousand out of the *Sunday Slime* and a hundred thousand out of America. Send your MS. round at once."

"You're very kind," said Lady Victoria, gratified. "How—how exactly does one write books?"

"Isn't it written, then? Oh, that's easy. I'll send Miss Green to you. Good-bye."

A little later Miss Green entered the boudoir, a resolute lady of uncertain age, with a face like a rather fierce horse. She carried fourteen pencils, five quires of foolscap, and no erasers.

"Now, then," she said, with a threatening look, "what is the first thing you remember?"

"I don't remember anything very much," said Lady Victoria Gush.

"Do you remember a strange man who used to talk to your nursemaid while she was wheeling the pram?"

"Yes," said the authoress feebly.

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Was it Sir Stafford Northcote?"

"I don't know."

"Was it Lord Beaconsfield?"

"I dare say."

"It was." Miss Green took her largest pencil and wrote rapidly.

"But I seem to remember that he wore some sort of uniform—" Lady Victoria began.

"Be quiet!" Miss Green wrote much more rapidly. She wrote—

"Ah, that Flower Walk—what secrets it could tell! Who, for example, was the tall, bearded man who used to hang over Dora, my little nursemaid, with soft endearments so many mornings? Probably the secret will never now be revealed, but it is significant that shortly after the death of the great Jew who governed England so long, little Dora left my mother's service and bought *The White Cat* at Surbiton.

"Dora was not the only nursemaid who caught the eye

of the great in those days. Indeed, on one occasion, I remember it was found necessary to hold an urgent Cabinet Meeting in one of the Park keepers' huts near the Round Pond, so many of the Government were dallying with the fair in that neighbourhood. And thereby hangs a tale."

Miss Green read it out.

Lady Victoria fanned herself.

"Did I say that?" she said weakly. "What tale does hang by it?"

"You can leave that to me," said Miss Green very firmly. "Now, what else do you remember?"

Lady Victoria Gush thought for a long time. Nothing happened.

"This won't do," said Miss Green. "At this rate we



"Did I ever say that Mr. Balfour eats peas with a knife?"

shan't finish the book this week! Have you ever met Mr. Balfour?"

"I saw him in a Restaurant once."

"Did he try to kiss a waitress?"

"I don't think so."

"Did he eat peas with his knife?"

"There weren't any peas. It was in January."

Miss Green snorted violently.

"Don't waste my time, please. Have you any evidence that he does not eat peas with a knife?"

"No."

"Very well, then." Miss Green began to write.

There was silence. At last she read:

"Mr. Balfour eats peas with a knife. This is not generally known. To those who only know the ex-Prime Minister by reputation, it may seem strange that a man of such refinement should be guilty of such a solecism. But there is a curious strain of coarseness in many of our most respected governors. If I would, I could give many a strange example. Mr. Curzon never washes his ears. Mr. Winston Churchill leaves the soap in the bath (you may ask how I know that, but that's



"You've said it now"

another story, and one that would well repay the telling); the Bishop of ——— has a wart on his left thumb, as a certain titled lady who lives not a thousand miles from Charing Cross has reason to know—"

"Stop—stop!" cried Lady Victoria. "I never said that—did I?"

"You've said it now," said Miss Green grimly.

"Is this your first book?" she added kindly.

"Yes."

"Oh, well, you'll soon get into it. You have a racy style."

"You're very kind," said the gifted authoress.

"Now then, I want a few amusing anecdotes—about country house parties and so on. Think."

Lady Victoria looked like a sheep for several minutes. She was thinking. Miss Green wrote another chapter.

Suddenly a faint flicker of intelligence passed over Lady Victoria's face and was gone, as when on a cloudy night a single star is suddenly revealed and instantly obscured again. She had nearly remembered a reminiscence.

She was silent. She had forgotten it again. Miss Green wrote another chapter.

Night fell. The book was only three-parts completed. At last Lady Victoria gave a loud laugh, and was overcome with a paroxysm of mirth. She buried her face in a cushion; she wiped her eyes; she blew her nose; she coughed; she sneezed.

"I've just remembered an awfully funny thing that happened," she blurted through her tears. "It happened at Bins. The Duke of Drum's place, you know."

"Describe Bins."

"Oh, it's one of those large houses, you know, with a garden, and trees and so on. And they've got goldfish."

"Right—go on."

"Well, one day—it was on a Sunday morning and there were sausages for breakfast—and Lottie Pipp-Squeake—you know, the Glanders girl—handed the old Duke a plate of sausages across the table." Lady Victoria began to have another paroxysm.

"And the plate was hot—and—and—the old Duke dropped the whole thing on the table! It was screamingly funny!" Lady Victoria slid off the sofa on to the floor, screaming.

"Right," said Miss Green, and she wrote:

"How they come back, those days! What jinks we used to have at Bins, the splendid seat of the Drums, with its terraced gardens and noble trees. I shall never forget that jolly Christmas morning when Lottie Pipp-Squeake, the naughty child, threw a sausage at the Duke. If I am asked how the Duke retaliated I purse my lips, and say nothing; but perhaps I hum to myself 'Under the Mistletoe Bough—la, la!' Along the great lake, where the golden carp are said to rival the famous fish of Fontainebleau, there is a veritable forest of mistletoe-trees. And people do say—But I must not tell tales."

"A rattling good book," said Miss Green. "I congratulate you. You shall have the proofs in a few days. You'll be a rich woman. Good-night."

Lady Victoria Gush sat among her bills, collecting her thoughts.

Variations on an Old Air

Marc Connelly

The Air

"THEN I will be your little girl," said Curly Head, as she snuggled closer in the burglar's arms. "Why, you're twying! Mustn't twy! Not on Twissmas Eve!" But Jim, the burglar,

allowed the tears to fall and did not seem to hear Curly Head. He was doing something very strange. He was taking some of Mamma's pretty beads out of his pockets. Now he was plac-

ing them on the mantel. Curly was getting sleepy again.

"Tell me some more about your reindeer," the tired little voice repeated. . . .

Variation I

From "Burglaring Bessie's Brassiere"

A Bedroom Farce

By Avery Hopwood

BESSIE (*sitting up in bed*): Why, Jimmie Cavendish! What are you doing in my—er—er—sleeping-room in that disguise?

JIMMIE (*wrapping the hall runner around him*): For God's sake, Bessie, keep quiet! Give me that pearl brassiere, the one I gave you when we were—er—er—engaged in Cairo in 1919!

BESSIE: I'll do nothing of the kind. If you don't leave this room immediately, I'll scream! What will my—er—husband say if he hears of this?

JIMMIE: He's outside that door now with a—er—er—gun and my—er—wife! That's why I sneaked in through the bathroom window.

BESSIE: Then go out through the French window!

JIMMIE: I can't. Your brother and my—er—er— aunt are standing out there in their paj—er—er—sleeping garments. This is a swell Christmas Eve, I don't think!

BESSIE (*when the laughter dies*): Still the same witty old Jimmy! Well, close your eyes. (*He closes them and no one sees her get out of bed, clad in a chantilly nightgown, except the audience. She goes to the bureau.*) Here is the brassiere. (*She leaps into bed with a squeal after she hands it to him over his shoulder.*)

JIMMIE (*as the door is pounded on*): No, I can't take it now! It's too late! (*He places it on the mantel. Freddie, Alicia, Winston, Carsgrave, Phillips, in fact, everybody but the stage hands crash in through the door.*) Oh, my—

er—er—goodness! (*He dives into the fireplace, and up the chimney, dropping the hall runner en route.*)

Variation II

From "Holiday Neuroses"

By Kraft-Ebing

J., a burglar, aged 32. Heredity bad. Can whistle. Lives in a large western city. As a child his nursemaid was in the habit of telling J. *Santa Claus non*

Variation III

From an Advertisement

"Jim, you are working too hard," said Jim Kellogg's wife, one Christmas Eve about a year ago. "Your robbing is losing its old zest. When you break into a house these nights you always forget to snatch the best things. Your memory is awful."

"Yes, Dot, it is bad; but what am I to do?" Jim inquired.

"Read this," said his wife. She handed him David H. Roth's celebrated "Guides to a Good Memory."

"I was more amused than interested, when she handed it to me," Jim told us later. "I started to read it half cynically. BUT AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES' PERUSAL I saw it was just what I needed if I ever expected to get anywhere. I found it was training me to remember things. I remembered the rent was due. I remembered I had promised to pay it.

"There may be something in this that will help me a great deal," I said as I got more and more interested.

"That very night I put it to a test. The year before I had left a pearl necklace with a little girl I had awakened while robbing her home. I had forgotten which house it was and where I had put it.

"It was long after midnight when I finished reading Mr. Roth's marvelous

work. But as I got up, my step was lighter than it had been since the day I met Dot. I had proved its worth. The address had come back to me.

"By George!" I said to myself. "I left the necklace on the mantel in the Sims mansion in Seattle!"

"That night I went back and got it!"

* * *

Why not let us send you these books on approval?



"The Freedom of the City"

erat and that *Carthago delenda est*. At age of 14, J. experienced his first desire to steal. Was in the house of an Aunt at the time and *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*.

When about 26, J. formed habit of going out every *nox ante Christmas*, first dressing himself as Santa Claus. Would then try to steal *omnia in domo*. Only thing that could prevent him would be *lachrimae puellarum*. He then would replace stolen articles and depart.

The Autobiography of a Christmas Card



I am a little Christmas Card, nothing deckled-edged at all, but of an honest, hard-working family. My mission in life is to help spread cheer and good will at Christmas time.



It was very pleasant lying on the counter, to observe the happy Christmas faces of the women as they crowded and fought for us. I fell to the lot of Mrs. Aker, one of the best fighters there.



As Mrs. Aker says, she has very good taste and she appeared very much pleased with me. In fact she remarked that it seemed a pity to waste me on that old cat, Mrs. Bostwick.



Mrs. B. seemed to think so, too, when she found me beside her grapefruit. "Bother," she said. "Now, I'll have to send her one, and I thought I was done." For good measure she slipped me along to Mrs. Cuttle.



Mrs. Cuttle at once tried to decipher my price mark. "Aha!" she muttered, "I might have known that Jane Bostwick wouldn't hesitate to send out ten-cent cards," and she sent me along forthwith to Mrs. Drinkwater.



Mrs. Drinkwater, I am sorry to say, was rather ugly about me. That very morning she had sent an embroidered handkerchief to Bella Cuttle and, if the truth were known, she had figured on getting more than a card in exchange.



Mrs. Eckings, to whom Mrs. D. sent me, did not hide her opinion of people who wrote on Christmas cards so that they could not be used again. However, she found that by cutting off my back page with the offending inscription, I would do very well for Mrs. Aker.



When Mrs. Aker saw me she didn't hesitate to say that I was the ugliest card she had ever received, but on the whole just what was to be expected from a person with Ettie Eckings' lack of taste. And the worst of it was it was too late to send me to anyone else.



Considering my unfortunate services in spreading peace and goodwill, fate might have assigned me a better end. Mr. A. picked me up and figured his Christmas debits all over my back. After which he muttered "Damn" and tossed me on the blazing yule log.



What Is the Best Title for This Picture?

LIFE'S Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page LIFE will award prizes as follows:

<i>First Prize,</i>	\$500.00
<i>Second Prize,</i>	\$300.00
<i>Third Prize,</i>	\$200.00

THE contest will be governed by the following

RULES

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly describes the situation shown in the picture.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on next Monday, December 5th. Don't delay in sending in your title.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or plainly written, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet. Use one side of paper only.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author. Contestants may send in more than one title.

In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of the staff of LIFE are of course barred out of this contest.

On the Death of Jazz

THEY tell me Jazz is dead,
Yet back inside my head
All sorts of jangled measures blare away,
And still the raucous razz
Of Jazz-Jazz-Jazz
As noisily as ever holds its sway.

I find it everywhere:
On the earth and in the air,
A-whirling o'er the countryside, and plunging in the sea,
No matter what the time of day, or where I chance to be,
In winter-time, in summer-time, in spring or autumn fair,
The jingle-jangled jiggling Jazz is ever, ever there.

I find it in the verse
The Poets Free rehearse,
All thrilling with the trilling of the gaz-gaz-gaz
Of the Masters and Pilasters of pure Jazz.
I find it in the talk
Of those who ride or walk,
In drawing-room, and attic, and below.
I find it in the capers
Of the Bolshevistic papers,
And in the Oratory of the After-Dinner glow.

You'll find it if you seek it in the painting of the hour
With the figure of a Zebra as the model for a flower,
And the spilling of a paint-pot with no line to it at all
Doing duty as a picture of a Spanish Carnival.
You'll find it in the Pulpit, and the Aldermen's debates,
As well as in the places where they rivet boiler-plates,
And its cackle without shackle maunders jazzily along
In an endless masquerading as a substitute for song.

Whence I'm forced to the conclusion that, if as the papers
say,
Old Jazz has gone to glory in the usual human way,
'Tis quite the livest corpus that mankind has ever met,
And like some Politicians dead, has not been buried yet.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A. D.?

IT was a merry Christmas. All gift giving was regulated. No one gave anything to anybody unless he wanted to. No one received anything from anybody unless he deserved it. All undesirable gifts were abolished. Everybody received just what he or she liked and from just the person he or she liked to receive it from. There was no swapping, no exchanging.

Gift books were forbidden.

Shopping tours became unnecessary.

Children were delighted with the toys they got and saw no reason to cry for the toys of other children. Husbands made no complaint about the cigars and neckties their wives gave them and wives were agreeably surprised by the size of the checks their husbands lavished upon them. The largesse of the season more than satisfied the servants.

Landlords declared a month's free rent for all tenants. Janitors gave them—the tenants—their blessing and positively declined to be rewarded for so doing.

It was indeed a merry Christmas. The nations declared all wars off and all international debts cancelled. The lion and the lamb lay down together. Peace was on the earth and goodwill was in the hearts of men.

Everybody Wants

a private stock of good sweets over the holidays. Everybody's taste can be suited in the variety of Whitman packages of chocolates and confections.

Place your order with the near-by Whitman agency and double the value of your gift by selecting an appropriate package.

THE SAMPLER—chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages. The box is as quaint as the sweets are good.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—nut and hard center chocolates, beautifully boxed.

SUPER EXTRA chocolates and confections—the quality which first made Whitman's famous.

NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED—a rich, delicious assortment that enjoys wide popularity.

PLEASURE ISLAND chocolates in a pirate's chest that recalls the romance of R. L. S.

SALMAGUNDI PACKAGE—super-extra chocolates. Metal box lacquered in exquisite mosaic. A gift that is sure to charm.

LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book. A new assortment of chocolates.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

FOR THE EDITOR
MERRY XMAS

Once Was Enough

There was a little caddy,
Who caddied for his daddy
One day, and one was all he'd ever do.
He laughed when daddy missed,
And was he grabbed and kissed?
No, honestly he wasn't—this is true!
—Barber County (Kan.) Index.

Fame's Illusive Light

AGITATOR (at foot of Nelson Monument): Lord Nelson, indeed! 'Oo is this Lord Nelson? We should never 'ave 'eard of 'im if it 'adn't 'abin for the Battle of Trafalgar.—Punch.

The Soft Answer

MASTER: I bet you've been at my whisky, James!
BUTLER: Beg pardon, sir, but I never bet.—Bystander (London).

PLANETS and comets that have been named after men probably don't brag much about it to each other.
—New York Sun.



"With Love from Aunt Jane."
—Sketch (London).

Presence of Mind

Roberts had told his employer the old tale about burying his grandmother, to enable him to see the footer match. It was hard luck on him, though, that just as he was about to pass through the turnstile his employer should be standing beside him.
But Roberts was gifted with presence of mind. Instead of putting his money down he turned to the gatekeeper and said, in a tone loud enough for his employer to hear, "Would you kindly direct me to the cemetery?"—Pearson's Weekly (London).

Heroism

THE MAN: You women don't appreciate the heroism of soldiers. You don't know what it means to be put against a wall to be shot, and—keep on smiling.
THE WOMAN: I know what it means to be left against the wall and wish you could be shot—and keep on smiling.
—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Poker Repartee

THE DEALER: Come on, fellahs, come on. How many cards d'yuh need?
THE OPENER: Never mind how many I need, but gimme one!
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE WOMAN CANDIDATE: Gentlemen, do as my husband did! Choose me!
—Sondags-Nisse (Stockholm).

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DID YOU EVER STUDY A LIFE SAVER



HERE are some of the many points of excellence about it that you really should know:

1. Equal Quantity

Your 5c spent for LIFE SAVERS buys as much weight of candy as other brands offer—in spite of the hole.

2. Superior Quality

Purest flavors and a superior process have made LIFE SAVERS the standard mint candy—and always will.

3. Longer Lasting

LIFE SAVERS are compressed twice as hard as mints without the hole. They dissolve slowly and do not crumble.

4. Greater Surface

The hole gives more tongue surface and makes LIFE SAVERS feel pleasanter in the mouth.

5. The Hole

The hole is the guarantee of the genuine LIFE SAVERS—put there so that you can identify them.

Could Rev. President Harding Feel Any Fresher?

(Continued from page 32)

this Hon. Franklin! Ah. He invented stinginess and printed books to show people how they could save money by it."

"If Hon. Benj. Franklin should come down chimney on Christmas it would not seem pretty jolly," I peruse.

"Maybe not jolly on Christmas," derange this Mats, "but everybody would kiss his memory on Jan 1 when Xmas bills must be paid."

"Mats, you are talking garbage," I devolve. "To exchange Sandy Claus for Benj. Franklin would be similar to making Hon. Jno. D. Rockefeller editor of the New Republic. Have you no reverence for mythology?"

"I believe in cheap mythology," he divulge. "But this Sandy Claus have cost America more money than the Monroe Doctrine. Spendthriftlessness are a sin. Nothing is sacred any more except Economy. When ladies have removed so much clothing to save money is it not an enlarged crime to wait until Christmas to shoot off our wealth? Yes is! Therefore Sandy Claus must be discharged for some cheaper saint."

"Where would poetry go when Hon. Benj. Franklin came down mantel-piece Dec 25?" I ask peevly.

"Poetry could be wrote about that," snignify Mats. "Therefore I show you."

So he acted very Barrymore while reciting following misterpiece:

"Twas the night before Xmas and all Through the residence not a Creature was awake, except the gas-meter.

Then Mr. Jones, who payed the bills, Got up.

Something broke his heart, so he went downstairs

To see about it.

For he had got a Xmas tree on a mortgage, but he had refused to buy either nicks or nacks to lynch on its fragral branches.

And what would his Children say to-morra morning?

Therefore he snux downstairs in his feet.

Oh look!

Jingly-bells, happy-time sound, everything very Yule!

For there by Tree stand short man with Revolutionary face, hanging pretty cards to tree.

It was Benj. Franklin!!!!

Hon. Mr. Jones economized with breath so not disturb this Xmas Spirit.

"That will retain them for a year!" Chockle Hon. Franklin, dropping cards

(Continued on page 53)



Be More Careful of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really clean teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste—called Pepsodent—for daily application.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 487, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Jim Henry's Column

Xmas

I always feel like protesting to someone whenever I see that vulgar caricature of the most beautiful word in human speech.

It is particularly offensive to me when used as the introduction of the thought that someone should present me, this Christmas, with a single action wheelbarrow, a new steam-heating outfit or a farm stump-puller.

Now, of course, I appreciate what a lovely thing it would be for the family to club together and give to Dad a nice big tube of Mennen Shaving Cream, prettily festooned with ribbon and a sprig of holly, inadvertently dropping his grandfather's shaving mug into the ash can.

It is even true that this introduction to the delights of Mennen shaves would more than repay him for two fur coats, a bicycle, a diamond brooch, a phonograph and a walking doll.

But, honestly, that isn't the way I want to land him. I want to do business with principals. I want him to buy his first tube of Mennen's himself—because I have succeeded at last in convincing him that Mennen's is a truly marvelous improvement over his old-timer's soap.

I want him to appreciate that his first Mennen shave is an important and solemn occasion—the obsequies of a bad habit and the initiation into a new and better way.

I want his mind to be all prepared for that wonderful bank of Mennen lather, moist as mist and firm as whipped cream—and for the sensation of razor play that is like a caress—and for the joyous feeling of a face that is smooth instead of skinned.

and
afterwards—
Mennen
Jaleum
for Men
it doesn't
show

If you are approaching this state of conviction and anticipation, why not make yourself a present?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

I'll send a demonstrator tube for 10 cents.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Opening

One City man was telling another that he intended looking out for a little pom to give to his wife for a present, and mentioned that he did not mind going to £35 for a good one.

A business-like but very ignorant Jew, who had been listening, joined in the conversation, saying that he had a pom for sale but wanted £40 for it.

The City man, seeing no way of getting it cheaper, said: "Very well; bring it to my office, and if it is really a good one I will give you £40 for it."

An hour afterwards the Jew met a friend of his and exclaimed: "Solly, my old friend—a matter of business—tell me, what is a pom?"

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

Such Is Fame

Broadway was beginning to line up along the curbs in anticipation of the arrival of one of the distinguished European war heroes coming here to participate in the limitation of armaments conference.

Someone approached a policeman standing at the side of the street, with the interrogation, "What's the crowd waiting for?" "Don't you read the papers?" was the reply. "General Beatty is coming."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Humor of the Law

A certain physician is much peeved because of the lax enforcement of the prohibition laws. He said:

"Why, anyone can get liquor whenever he wants it."

And then, after a pause:

"I'd like to know where they get it. They don't come to me any more for prescriptions."

—*Central Law Journal (St. Louis).*

Study in High Finance

"But your father must have some profession or business," said the kindly magistrate to the small offender charged with stone-throwing to the danger, etc. "Come, come, what is he?"

"Please, sir, he's a retired bankrupt," bleated the budding George Washington.

—*Town Topics (London).*

The Challenge of Statistics

"Four thousand worlds like ours placed edge to edge," says Mr. John Bray, of Paris, "would hardly reach the nearest star." In that case it hardly seems worth while trying it.—*Punch.*

Tricks of the Trade

CHAUFFEUR (to taxi-driver): I say, lend us your wrench a minute.

TAXI-DRIVER: Not much, cully—that's 'ow I got it!—*London Opinion.*


Go West, Young Woman

"The film companies keep going to California."

"Westward the course of vampire takes its way."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

STUDE: What's the masculine for "laundress"?

STUDENT: Chinaman.—*Georgia Cracker.*



The BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Dancing in the Supper Room

Tea in the Palm Room

Friday Morning Musicales

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President

INSIST ON IT
by name
by name
by name
PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
For Coughs & Colds

This syrup is different from all others.
Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains
no opiates—good for young and old.


35¢ per bottle everywhere

I'm glad I said

PARKER

Fountain Pen





Make your little girl happy
WITH AN

Add-a-pearl

NECKLACE

Ask Your Jeweler

Could Rev. President Harding Feel Any Fresher?

(Continued from page 51)

in stockings of Otto, Marmaduke
and Grocer C. Jones.

Then Jingly-bell, clatter & up radiator-
pipe

Shoot Hon. Franklin.

Silences.

Hon. Jones go to tree for slight peek
at pretty

Free present for each Jone.

1st stocking he look inside & take out
card.

GENEROSITY IS THE WORST
POLICY

Dictate that E-Pistol.

2nd stocking contain following night-
letter:

LIVE RICH AND DIE POOR.

3rd sox were filled with nicest wisdom
of all"

But at this junction I bursted like
Napoleon and threw sharp chisels with
my eyes

"Alexander Matsu, Japanese miser,"
I otter with great contempt of court,
"if all Christians thought similar to
you, what would become of Human
Race?"

"This would be delicious question for
Hon. Thos A. Edison to ask his bright
young men," commute Matsu.

I am completely outgassed.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Restaurant "Whys"

WHY does the headwaiter ask
"How many?" when he can
clearly see for himself?

Why is there always such a scarcity
of menu cards that yours has to be
snatched away just before you're fin-
ished with it?

Why does no waiter ever know what
Coquille d'agneau, Bordelaise is?

Why does the butter always arrive
ten minutes ahead of the bread?

Why do they always bring an odd
number of rolls for an even number of
persons?

Why is the butter plate so placed
that it takes a contortionist to get at it?

Why is the bread never cut entirely
through the loaf?

Why does the waiter pretend to ask
your permission when he transfers the
lump sugar to another table?

Why can the waiter never be found
when the check is wanted?

Why is a mistake in the addition al-
ways certain to be in favor of the
house?

Why do they have girls in the hat
check rooms instead of men? (That
one's easy.)

—and—

Why, nine times out of ten, is the
food?

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY OF QUALITY

MAIL INQUIRIES GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



"STAMMERING" Its Cause and Cure

You can be quickly cured. Send 10 cents for 288
page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stutter-
ing. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering
and Stuttering for 20 years. BENJAMIN N. BOGUE,
326 1/2 Tugue Building, 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

The Ideal Winter Resort PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400.
Open Dec. 12 to May 1. Booking Offices,
Foster's Agencies

L. A. TWOROGER, Manager

Successor to HOWE & TWOROGER

Reached by Steamers of Furness Bermuda Line



Old Hampshire Stationery

THE postmarked side of the envelope shows to whom a letter is addressed. The reverse side of the same envelope also has a story to tell; for the way the envelope is folded, and especially the style of the flap, can indicate good taste in stationery or its opposite.

In Old Hampshire Stationery, the effect of excellent and modish letter paper is never spoiled by the envelope. We have free samples of both at your service on application.

Fine Stationery Department.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER Co., SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.
MAKERS OF OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.



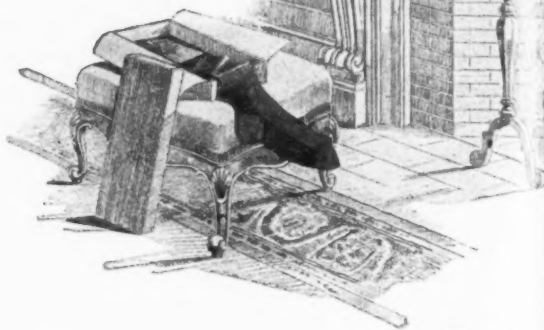
BON BONS CHOCOLATES
FRENCH BONBONNIERES

Fifth Avenue at Thirty-Fifth Street
NEW YORK

TO him who has:
there is no better
appreciation than to
give to him who wears
Shawknit, that which
has already met the
requirements of his
good taste.

To others, the gift
will prove a pleasing
introduction.

SHAW STOCKING CO
Lowell, Mass.



Shawknit
TRADE-MARK
HOSIERY for MEN

Packer to Consumer

For yourself or a friend no gift remembered with greater appreciation than

Betty Jeane

"Very Best"

CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Preserved, dried and spiced

The biggest, plumpest and tastiest—just the fruits you'd select if you strolled through California orchards.

Purchased exclusively by thousands of the wealthiest and most prominent families, whose repeat orders are regular.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee all Betty Jeane fruits to be equal or better in every respect to the best that you have ever purchased, and will cheerfully refund your money without question if you are not entirely satisfied.

The "Life" assortment \$10 delivered to any address in U.S.A., express prepaid, or \$8.00 express collect.

1 five pound box dried fruits.
1 pound box stuffed prunes.
1 dozen assorted preserves, jellies, and orange blossom honey.
1 small can green gage plums.
1 small can yellow cling peaches.
1 large can whole peeled apricots.
1 can asparagus tips.
1 two pound glass, whole spiced Kadota figs.

Send check or money order—Shipment made day order is received. Descriptive booklet upon request. Absolutely fresh pack. Have never had request for money back.

Not sold at stores except by Fred Harvey

Betty Jeane
Incorporated

Retail Shop at Los Altos

Los Altos, Santa Clara County, California

A Christmas Spectacle

(Continued from page 29)

whispered messages to the effect that the next line begins, "My message bright—" Gertrude will disappear, crying softly.

After the morale of the cast has been in some measure restored by the pianist, who, with great presence of mind, plays a few bars of "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" to cover up Gertrude's exit, Martha Wrist will unleash a rope of silver tinsel from the foot of the tree, and, stringing it over the boughs as she skips around in a circle, will say, with great assurance:

"Round and 'round the tree I go,
Through the holly and the snow,
Bringing love and Christmas cheer
Through the happy year to come."

At this point there will be a great commotion and jangling of sleigh-bells off-stage, and Mr. Creamer, rather poorly disguised as Santa Claus, will emerge from the opening in the imitation fireplace. A great popular demonstration for Mr. Creamer will follow. He will then advance to the footlights, and, rubbing his pillow and ducking his knees to denote joviality, will say thickly through his false beard:

"Well, well, well, what have we here? A lot of bad little boys and girls who aren't going to get any Christmas presents this year? (Nervous laughter from the little boys and girls.) Let me see, let me see! I have a note here from Dr. Whidden. Let's see what it says. (Reads from a paper on which there is obviously nothing written.) 'If you and the young people of the Intermediate Department will come into the Christian Endeavor room, I think we may have a little surprise for you. . . . Well, well, well! What do you suppose it can be? (Cries of "I know, I know!" from sophisticated ones in the audience.) Maybe it is a bottle of castor-oil! (Raucous jeers from the little boys and elaborately simulated disgust on the part of the little girls.) Well, anyway, suppose we go out and see? Now if Miss Liftnagle will oblige us with a little march on the piano, we will all form in single file—"

At this point there will ensue a stampede toward the Christian Endeavor room, in which chairs will be broken, decorations demolished, and the protesting Mr. Creamer badly hurt.

This will bring to a close the first part of the entertainment.

Competition

"I've just seen at the Palace a picture of the most beautiful girl in America."

"I'll bet she wasn't so beautiful as the most beautiful girl in America I saw at the Colonial."

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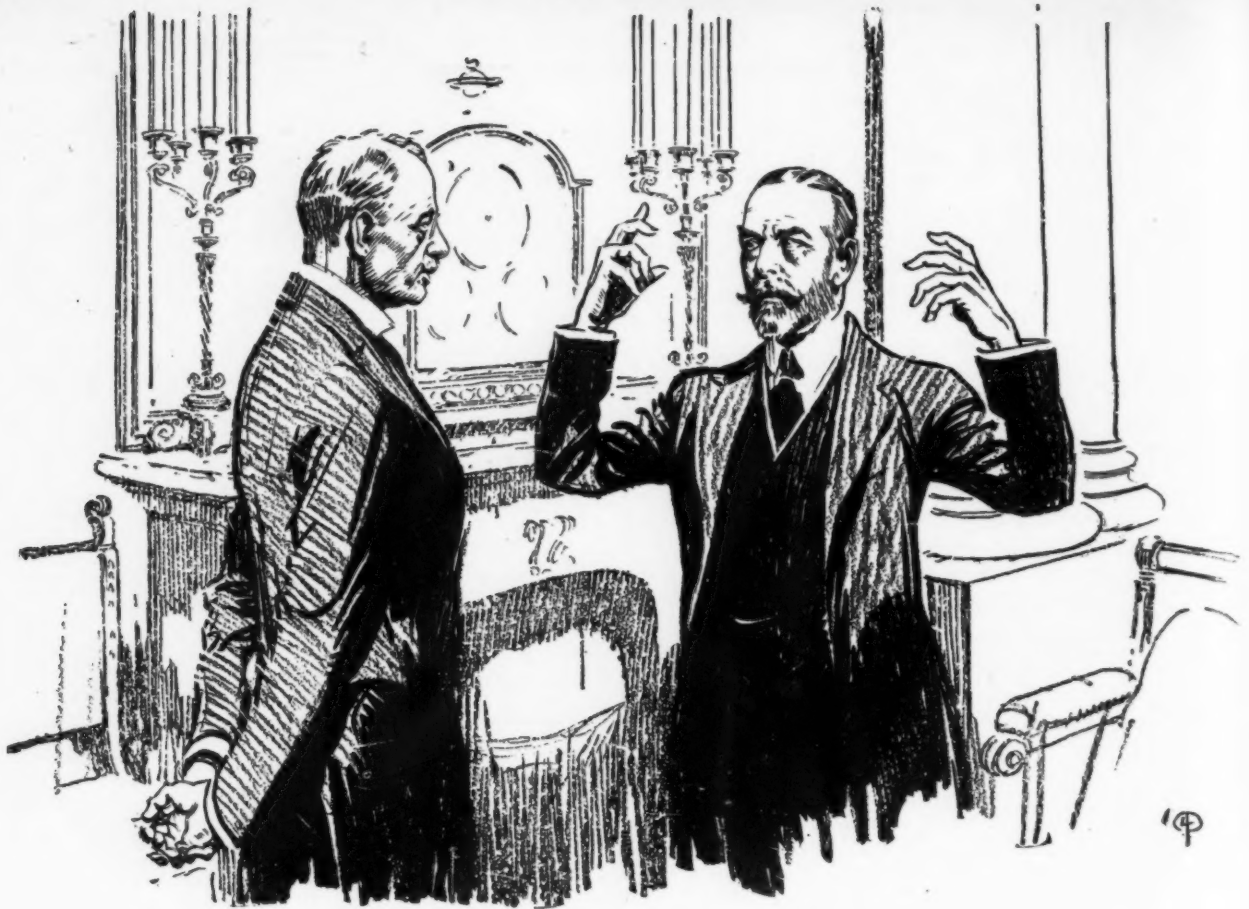
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What Every Dog Knows

FLEAS will be fleas.

'Tis better to have fought and lost,
than never to have fought at all.

Sweet are the uses of a rag-bag.

Dogs rush in where firemen fear to tread.

There's no fool like a lap-dog.

A lap-dog and his ribbon are soon parted.

Dog-catchers make sprinters of us all.

A home for every dog, and every dog guarding a home.

A little kitten is a dangerous thing.

The race is not always to the fire engine.

The dog-tormentors aren't all dead yet.
He swears at dogs that never felt a kick.

Our remedies oft in our teeth do lie.

A muzzle makes the heart grow heavier.

Faithfulness is next to manliness.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Yes, There Are

THERE are poisonous people. Ex-temperate it, deprecate it, gloss it over, deny it, blush for it, argue against it—but there they are. Some of them exhale poison, some of them mutter it, some of them dart it. And say what you will, you become addicted to some of them, like a drug. If they die, it is like the sudden dawn of a new prohibition.

Some are sweet, some bitter; some come with perfume, others envelop you like a miasma.

If you have a pious streak in you, you pray to become an antidote for all of these. Think of it! Your highest ideal to neutralize just one group, and let it go at that!

And yet, if that be your humble mission, just to be an antidote, be nice about it; be pleasant about it.

Perhaps, after all, there are worse things than just being a nice, cheerful, dependable, genuinely likeable antidote.

Rubbing It In

FRIEND (to bald-headed man): Does the barber charge you full price for a hair-cut?

B. H. MAN: Worse than that, old man. He considers it such a joke that he adds an Amusement tax.

"I see that the man at the head of the drug trust has failed."

"What has he been trying to do—sell drugs?"

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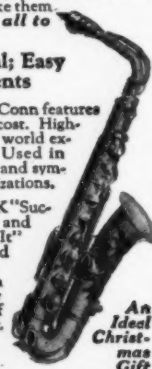
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Rhymed Reviews

The Kingdom Round the Corner

(By Coningsby Dawson, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation)

A TRULY noble, noble lord
Was Taborley, or "Tabs," more briefly.

In victory he sheathed the sword
And hurried home for Terry, chiefly.

But Terry didn't want him back,
And owned a deep infatuation
With Braithwaite, known as "Steely Jack,"
A General of reputation.

While Tabs was sadly put upon
In "Steely Jack" to rediscover
His ante-bellum valet, John,
The housemaid Ann's affianced lover.

However, Tabs, a knightly soul,
Though mild as circus lemonade is,
Assumed that entertaining rôle,
Platonic friend to all the ladies.

He first, at Terry's earnest plea,
Became her fiancé, to hold her
From running off with John, you see.
(Of course she wasn't bound, he told her.)

He next, by calling every day
On Maisie, than whom none was cuter,
Persuaded her to shoo away
A married man, her naughty suitor.

But Lady Dawn he helped the most,
By something spooky urged and harried;—
Her late-lamented husband's ghost
Was working hard to get them married.

They were. The soldier-valet, too,
And housemaid Ann were reunited.
Fair Maisie's only love was true,
And Terry's young, though still un-
plighted.

To image Truth a sculptor wrought,
Then stooped to use a baser model;
Which means that Mr. Dawson ought
To kick himself for writing twaddle.

Arthur Guiterman.

High Visibility

PATRON (*crossly*): Say, waiter, what are these black specks in my cereal?

WAITER (*after a close inspection*): Dunno, sir, unless it's some of them vitamins everyone is talking about now.

Save the Baby!

YOUNG WIFE: The trained nurse is going to teach me how to give the baby its bath.

YOUNG HUSBAND (*anxiously*): Don't you think we'd better send out and hire another baby?



LIFE for the next three months will be so interesting and varied that to miss any one number would be a calamity.

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LIFE'S staff of artists includes those who lead in their own fields.

Robert Dickey's dogs are known everywhere.

T. S. Sullivant's enormously comic animals and humans remain unequalled in the realm of the grotesque.

Reginald Birch's society drawings will continue as one of **LIFE'S** exclusive features.

Charles Dana Gibson's portraits of leading actresses, now appearing regularly, will be a feature for several weeks.

Among other contributors to **LIFE** are Gluyas Williams, James Montgomery Flagg, Montague Glass, Wallace Irwin, Edward S. Martin, Oliver Herford, Robert E. Sherwood, Robert C. Benchley and H. W. Hanemann.

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